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THE VERDICT AT THE POLLS.

THE general result of the election is an emphatic verdict against the Republican party. Apart from particular issues like the anti-Tammany contest in New York and the anti-QUAY movement in Pennsylvania, the question submitted to the country was approval of the Republican course, the tariff, and the denial of the rights of the minority in the House of Representatives, and the country has unmistakably condemned them both. The argument for pressing the MCKINLEY bill and for suppressing debate upon it in the House was that the country in the election of 1888 had issued its "mandate" for the enactment of a high tariff. If that view was correct, it follows that the country has now reconsidered and recalled its mandate by electing a House representing the most positive opposition to the MCKINLEY bill. This is not surprising. No close observer can have failed to remark the deep discontent produced by the general course of the administration party, and especially by the passage of a bill which actually increased the price of necessaries in a time of entire peace, and at a session of Congress which began with a surplus in the Treasury.

It was not strange that in Massachusetts, the mother of Republicanism, where the reverse was most overwhelming, the Republican candidates should have tried to shirk the issue by insisting that the question was settled. Massachusetts insisted that it should be discussed. Every day during the campaign, on every stump in the State, the character and scope and radical injustice of the MCKINLEY bill were shown with remarkable ability. The voters were "educated" as never before, and under fresh and young leaders who accepted the name but not the traditions of the Democratic party—leaders who were recently Republicans, and who held the views of SUMNER, WILSON, and GARFIELD—Massachusetts pronounced against the Republican leadership and policy of to-day. The revolution of which Massachusetts is the chief illustration has the same meaning everywhere. The more the question of what is ingeniously called protection is understood, the more unwilling are intelligent citizens to sustain under that name a system of high taxation, and to burden domestic enterprise and industry with oppressive imposts on their raw material.

It is not an "off year" in a national sense, for it is the year of a Congressional election, and the general interest was not less than in a Presidential year, although there was not so much picturesque incident. It is the year of reckoning with Republican abuse of power—an abuse shown most flagrantly in the contemptuous treatment of the minority in the House, in the monstrous excesses of the tariff, and in the flagrant defiance of official honor and honesty in the Republican campaign in Pennsylvania. The election has demonstrated anew the political health and vigor of the country. It has shown that there is a patriotic spirit superior to party spirit, a conservative independence strong enough to resist the dragooning of party, and to stand fast for wise and honest conviction. The greatest misfortune that could befall the country would be its division into two huge party camps, in which the course of every citizen at the polls should be determined by a majority in a convention however procured. It is plain also that the change which is taking place must affect the Democratic as well as the Republican party. The new Democratic Governor of Massachusetts is a young man who has nothing in common with *ante bellum* Democracy, or with Tammany Hall, or Governor HILL. Mr. SHERMAN HOAR and Mr. GEORGE FREDERICK WILLIAMS and Mr. JOHN F. ANDREW, Democratic Representatives from Massachusetts, are as remote in conviction and spirit and purpose from Democrats like TOOMBS and YANCEY as SUMNER and WILSON were. Changes such as our current politics disclose are not changes of fundamental principle or patriotic purpose, but of political association and of party policy.

PENNSYLVANIA ALSO.

AT the very last moment of the late campaign Mr. BLAINE went to Philadelphia to speak for QUAY and DELAMATER. The character of the speech gives it a significance which does not end with the election, for it deliberately waved away the great moral protest against the chief candidate and his backer, the detailed charges which have not been answered and are universally believed, the solemn remonstrance and appeal of thousands of Republican citizens of the highest character, and wholly beyond suspicion of other motives than those which they publicly declared, as mere masks of free-trade. There was no more conspicuous leader of the moral protest against QUAY and DELAMATER than Mr. HENRY C. LEA. His two letters were among the most powerful documents of the campaign. They spoke for the Republican conscience, for official honesty and public morality. To insinuate that Mr. LEA is a free-trader, and his aim the overthrow of protection, is simply silly. There is not a stronger or more uncompromising protectionist in the country. Mr. BLAINE or Mr. MCKINLEY is not a more resolute defender of that faith than Mr. LEA. This is equally true of a vast body of the Pennsylvania Republicans who protested. But Mr. BLAINE practically gave the lie to their allegation. They declared that it was the official malversation and bribery of QUAY and DELAMATER which made it impossible to support them. Mr. BLAINE answered: "It is not a question of scandal, of abuse, or detraction; it is none of these. Those are merely the masks that hide the free-trade face behind them."

In this speech Mr. BLAINE announced in effect the monstrous doctrine that it was the duty of Pennsylvania Republicans as protectionists to support the regular party candidates whatever their character. He took, with INGALLS, the ground that the decalogue and the golden rule have no place in a political campaign. No matter how conclusive the probability that the candidate is a knave, no matter how absolute his silence when, if innocent, the proof of it would clear him completely and assure his political triumph, yet any doubt or hesitation in his support on the part of any member of his party, said Mr. BLAINE, is not honest, it is not what he says it is, his words are lies, he is a free-trader ashamed to own it, and skulking behind a calumny. This is the substance of what Mr. BLAINE said at Philadelphia. It is not affected by his earlier phrase of "Republicans who honestly differ." His speech allowed no honesty of difference. The plea of morality, he said, was a mask of free-trade.

It is because of this deliberate declaration that no moral plea can be allowed to interfere with support of a party or of any financial or political measure, that party names are spurned by a great multitude of the best Americans, as the election has shown. There is undoubtedly a great deal of personal slander in every political campaign. But does that fact prove that all charges are mud-flinging? Is every scoundrel to escape because there are false accusations? It is to put a premium upon official misconduct to insist that charges of such misconduct are to be expected in every campaign, and are to be despised as lies. When Mr. PATTISON was so charged, he instantly summoned his accuser to the proof. Why did not QUAY answer the charges which Mr. LEA thought grave enough to bring home to him? Was QUAY's official reputation superior to Mr. LEA's personal character? Mr. BLAINE could not deny that his party appeal in Pennsylvania was urgently necessary, not because of the charges against QUAY and DELAMATER, but because of the general belief in their truth both within and without the Republican party. The result of the election has demonstrated it. Every honest Republican ought to rejoice that the most securely Republican State has defeated the Republican candidates because of moral delinquency. Yet, if Mr. BLAINE's view were correct, that the plea of moral objection was a mere mask of free-trade, the State which gave nearly 80,000 majority for HARRISON and the tariff in 1888 has now passed judgment on the MCKINLEY bill by declaring for free-trade.

STANLEY.

MR. STANLEY arrives in this country one of the most conspicuous figures of the day. Such is the admiration of heroism which distinguishes the English-speaking race, and such the love of adventure, that the popular success of his appearance upon the platform is assured. Moreover, there has been always an especial romance surrounding the stories of African travel and exploration. From the days of Herodotus the Dark Continent has been the land of mystery. The renown of BRUCE in modern times was great. The pathetic story of MUNGO PARK was told in all the school-books, and the universal interest in arctic discovery has been equalled by that with which for a generation the world has followed the search for the sources of the Nile and the Mountains of the Moon, the tale of LIVINGSTONE and the disclosures of DU CHAILLU, and has watched the slow dispersion of the impenetrable cloud that has always veiled mid-Africa.

But the immediate and world-wide welcome with which Mr. STANLEY was greeted upon emerging from that country in which he had been lost to the general public for so long a time quite transcends the circumstance of the return of any of his predecessors. This is due to other causes than the essential difference of his enterprise. But whatever the reasons may be, his appearance at Zanzibar last spring, and his progress to England, greeted by the honors of kings and emperors, and with the acclamations of Christendom, were extraordinary, and there was no discordant note. It now appears, however, that upon embarking on his expedition he required from his associates a pledge that they would say nothing until a certain time after the return—a time which has now elapsed.

Mr. STANLEY is evidently a very imperious man, otherwise he could not have pierced the heart of Africa and returned. The qualities that enable a man successfully to lead such an expedition may very easily provoke great animosity. Like a military commander in a desperate battle, he may seem sometimes to do, and unwittingly may do, bitter injustice. Such leadership is often arbitrary and impatient. General GRANT, in apprising one of his general officers that he had placed another officer under his command, said, "He will ask you more questions in five minutes than you can answer in a day," and in the crisis of a battle such a disposition might be exasperating. How much more would seeming recklessness or inefficiency upon an expedition like STANLEY'S stir the responsible chief! The letters from England indicate that Mr. STANLEY will have to meet specific accusations. This situation is not likely, however, to affect his tour in this country. Wherever he goes he will be surrounded with the glamour of the hero and the discoverer. The oldest spell, that of the story-teller, of Homer and the tale of Troy divine, of the Arab camp and the tale of Antar, will be renewed by the most recent of famous travellers. To see STANLEY will be like seeing Robinson Crusoe upon his return.

THE IRISH ENVOYS TO AMERICA.

IT is ten years since Mr. PARNELL and Mr. DILLON came to this country to explain the Irish question. Since then the greatest of living English statesmen has made the cause of Ireland his own, and the question has become the central interest of British politics. It is also interesting to Americans, because the real base of Irish operations in the cause has been the sympathy and aid of the Irish in America, and the tone of the party press in this country in regard to Ireland has been greatly influenced by the desire to propitiate the large Irish vote. Beyond the Irish and the strictly political circles in this country, however, there is little actual knowledge of facts or of the real merits of the question. The old injustice of English rule in Ireland is, of course, well known, but of modern legislation and of the actual situation there is not much precise information among us. The general American feeling undoubtedly is that Irish home-rule, within due limits of imperial supremacy, would be a wise policy. But it is not a subject upon which distinctive American feeling is at all

excited, or upon which it could maintain an argument, except on general principles.

The arrival of the Irish envoys, and their proposed appeal for American sympathy and support, reopen the Irish campaign in this country. These gentlemen will perform a public service if they will remember that what is needed is information, and if they will state the most elementary facts, not assuming any very general knowledge upon our part. This is what Mr. MOTLEY and other American patriots did in England at the beginning of our Civil War. The simplest and most familiar facts were unknown even to intelligent Englishmen, and it was very evident that the nature of the Union and the provisions of the Constitution were strange even to many English statesmen. The simplest facts are what should be stated by our Irish visitors. In Ireland the tenure of land, for instance, and the system of rent must be very different from those in this country, and the difference should be made clear. Irish leaders are understood to advise tenants in Ireland not to pay rent, and the money to be asked for in this country is said to be designed for the support of those who are evicted for not paying rent. In this country landlords evict tenants who do not pay rent more sternly than Irish landlords. There is undoubtedly a difference in the situation, and our visitors could not serve their country more effectively than by stating plainly what it is.

In their remarks upon landing, the Irish leaders said that the questions of a national fighting fund and of a national charitable fund are wholly separate. There is great danger of famine along the western coast, and the Irish party have demanded a law suspending evictions for non-payment of rent in the distressed districts, where it could be paid only at the risk of starvation. Yet the leaders think that a general charitable fund poured into Ireland would aid Mr. BALFOUR by enabling him to say that the distress was mainly imaginary, and would find its way into the pockets of the landlords, who would extort rent if the tenants were relieved by American alms. The appeal for American aid, therefore, the leaders say, will be wholly for the benefit of those who are struggling to overthrow the system which produces these periodical famines. This statement, which was written and delivered to the reporters, shows how much is to be explained. Is the apprehended famine due to the necessity of paying rent? Are the conditions of rent-paying harder in Ireland than elsewhere? Is the country over-populated, although as Mr. O'BRIEN says, it is the most thinly populated in Europe? Ought the rent already paid in Ireland to be regarded as a just equivalent for the fee of the land occupied, and, if so, is it equally true of rent paid in America? These are among the questions which our visitors will probably answer.

A RECENT PARAGRAPH IN THE LONDON "ATHENÆUM."

AT a moment when the old difficulty arising from the want of international copyright seems likely to be adjusted by a friendly understanding between authors and publishers in England and America, acrimonious misrepresentation is peculiarly unfortunate. The statement in the London *Athenæum* of October 4th regarding certain transactions between Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING and the Messrs. HARPER was inaccurate in fact, and wholly unjust in tone and insinuation, and the letter of the New York publishers was a distinct and satisfactory explanation. Mr. KIPLING was courteously received when he called upon the Messrs. HARPER last year; and the stories which he offered were examined and courteously declined. Subsequently the house published in their WEEKLY from advance sheets some other stories of Mr. KIPLING's which were offered to them by his business agent, and they paid the price for them which was asked.

When these tales were issued in a volume, one story was added, and for this they paid ten pounds, in accordance with their rule of publishing no non-copyright work without payment. It was this ten pounds which Mr. KIPLING returned, and which the *Athenæum* represents as the sum offered for the whole volume of tales "picked out of magazines," and published without Mr. KIPLING's consent. The facts which we have mentioned show how far from the truth is this statement. The *Athenæum* also says that upon his call in Franklin-Square Mr. KIPLING "was speedily shown the door," and was told that a firm which published "literature of a high class could not trouble itself about such writings as his." This, of course, is wholly a ludicrous invention. Publishers are seldom wanting in personal courtesy, and the declination of a work by a publisher is not a verdict upon its merits. Papers are constantly declined by magazines, not because they are not as good as many that are accepted, but for reasons wholly unconnected with their intrinsic excellence. No editor can publish all that he would like to publish.

In the same way other considerations than those of the merit of the work influence the decisions of publishers. A proposed work, however good, may not promise to be a profitable venture; it may cover ground already occupied; it may involve undesirable disputes, and even litigation; it may treat subjects remote from popular interest. A thousand reasons independent of essential merit may affect what is, after all, largely a commercial judgment. In the case of Mr. KIPLING's stories, their previous publication abroad, and the consequent uncertainty of even a semblance of priority in this country, may have been most properly considered. Certainly the implication that they were declined because of want of merit is wholly gratuitous. In regard to the collection of tales in question, it was not an unfair assumption of the publishers that an author whose terms for certain stories had been fixed by himself and accepted by them would be satisfied with the honorarium offered for another story of the same kind which had already been republished in this country by several daily papers. Undoubtedly, however, even in the absence of an international copyright, it is better not to proceed upon such an assumption, although it may be perfectly reasonable and apparently of advantage to an author who has not arranged for American reprint. For it must be borne in mind that if the Copyright Bill now before Congress were passed, reprinting or manufacture in the United States would be a condition of protection by copyright. Mr. KIPLING, having returned the honorarium tendered him, the story for which it was given will be omitted from subsequent editions of the volume in question, and there will be substituted for it the story begun in this number of the WEEKLY from advance sheets purchased last week from Mr. KIPLING's agent. It is certain, however, that a total perversion of facts, which in this case injures a young English author, apparently with the purpose of exciting international jealousy and ill-feeling between English and American authors and publishers, is unworthy of the *Athenæum* and greatly to be deprecated.

THE SECRETARY AND THE GOVERNOR.

IT was proper that Governor HILL, as the Chief Magistrate of New York, should call the attention of the Secretary of the Interior to an apparent inaccuracy of the census which would deprive the State of a Representative in Congress. But it was exceedingly impertinent in him to insinuate partisan motives, and in doing it he invited precisely the retort which he received from the Secretary. The retort was in effect that a count by Tammany police was quite as suspicious, in a partisan sense, as one by Republican enumerators. Moreover, the Secretary pointed out that the Governor in his Indianapolis speech last summer, by his denunciation of the census as outrageously inquisitorial, encouraged a spirit which would naturally tend to produce inaccuracy in the result; and the Secretary did not spare the Governor a gibe at his own prevention of the State census five years ago.

As a mere cut and thrust exchange of partisan recrimination, the correspondence leaves Governor HILL in a sorry plight. The Secretary as a partisan guerilla has altogether the best of it. But both the Secretary and the Governor grossly misconceive the question when they treat the census as a partisan matter. The Secretary cannot disregard the fact that there was general distrust of the result in the city of New York. The reports of the Board of Health showed that the sanitary condition of the city was excellent. But the census reports, if accurate, showed the reverse. In the one case the conclusion was that of non-partisan experts, in the other of inexperienced partisans.

The conviction of inaccuracy was so universal that the *Tribune* shared it, and the Secretary should not have allowed the partisan and bumptious manner in which the doubtful result was denounced by some of the papers to have affected his sense of justice and his official action. His letter to Governor HILL, therefore, although a "smart" retort in kind, evades entirely the real point, which is the probable accuracy of the city census, as shown by the evidence of the later count. Not only do the national interests of the census require a very different spirit from that of the Secretary's letter, but those of his party dictate it. The impression that the census is inaccurate for the purpose of an apportionment to favor a party would fatally discredit the party whose agents were responsible for the wrong.

A COTTON PICKER.

THIS year completes a century since Dr. FRANKLIN signed the first petition that was presented to Congress for the abolition of slavery, and two years hence will end the century since ELI WHITNEY invented the cotton-gin. The machine enabled the grower to clean for market a thousand pounds of cotton daily instead of five or six. In 1791 the export of cotton was 189,500 pounds. In 1803, by means of WHITNEY's gin, it had risen to more than 41,000,000. The machine was the great ally of slavery, and the Warwick of King Cotton. No industrial invention ever wrought so much wrong and did so much mischief. It was the chief of the causes that arrested the antislavery movement that followed the Revolution, and was more persuasive than the efforts of Dr. FRANKLIN and his society.

WHITNEY's gin cleaned the cotton. A new invention will pick it. The other day, at the Memphis Cotton Exchange, a bale of cotton was placed on exhibition which was the first ever picked by machinery. The inventor asserts that it will do the work of fifty men. And if he be correct, the Memphis *Avalanche* says that "the negro question is solved, and he will have to seek for employment elsewhere." The popular valid objection against the colonizing of the negro has been that he was essential to the gathering of the cotton crop. It would be a remarkable fact if the century that began with an invention which doomed the negro to slavery should end with another that makes his labor valueless.

The conclusion of the *Avalanche*, however, is too sweeping a generalization. Laborers will still be wanted in the cotton States, even if cotton picking should be done by machinery, and there is the other fact that the attachment to the soil on the part of this particular laborer is very close and clinging. The deportation of a great and unwilling free population is not a reasonable proposition. Since the war there has been no obstruction to the exodus of the negro from his home if he desired to go. But there has been no such exodus, and no sign of a general disposition to go. Poverty has, of course, detained him, but not against his will. Nevertheless, the fact recorded by the *Avalanche* is very interesting and suggestive.

POLICE MATRONS.

THE recent effort to secure the appointment of police matrons at the police stations failed, but it will be renewed. It was baffled by Governor HILL, who vetoed the provision making the appointment mandatory, and left it permissive. The Governor was said to have desired to give the Police Board another chance. But President MACLEAN alone wished to make the appointments. The Christian League has now taken the matter in hand, and another effort will be doubtless made during the next session to pass the amendment.

The reason for such a provision is obvious. Women who are brought to the station-houses are not brutes altogether, however criminal. But bad as the worst may be, there is no reason why the State itself should make them worse. When a woman or a man is arrested, and falls under control of the public, nothing should be tolerated which tends needlessly to degrade or debase either of them. But multitudes of women are brought in who are merely ill, or vagrants, or astray, and they should be carefully protected against all unnecessary harm. In a great city some mischance may bring to the station-house the most innocent women, and if the most guilty should not be abused, how carefully should those who are not guilty be protected.

The provision for police matrons is an act of simple humanity. It is a shame that there should be any opposition or hesitation in their appointment. The statements which have been published, and which are true, of the brutal maltreatment of arrested women because they were women, which would not have been possible had they been under the supervision of a matron, are irresistible arguments, were any needed, for requiring such appointments. There can be no question of the passage of such a law should the attention of legislators be called to the subject, and the Governor can hardly find a good pretext for refusing to approve it.

PERSONAL.

THE death is announced at Twickenham, England, of ELIZABETH LAMB BOHN, the widow of the founder of Bohn's Libraries. Her husband started in life with only $5000 capital, but made a large fortune as a bookseller and publisher. About six hundred publications are now included in his libraries. Mrs. BOHN was eighty-nine years old when she died.

—Among the unpublished THACKERAY manuscripts now offered for sale in London are a note-book containing twelve hundred fragments of unpublished verses, a scrap-book with four hundred tracings and sketchings, and an album of sketches.

—One of the latest and most remarkable recruits made by the Salvation Army is a young Swedish lady, Baroness MARGARETHE VON LILIENKREUTZ. She is very beautiful, and led a gay life in Stockholm, Berlin, and St. Petersburg prior to her conversion.

—Mrs. OLIVE WASHBURN, of San Francisco, is about to devote the bulk of her fortune to the founding of a Nationalist Colony in California. BELLAMY's *Looking Backward* theories are to be followed here, and all people of good moral character will be admitted, irrespective of religious belief. Over $100,000 will be spent in buildings and improvements.

—Gout in a severe form has troubled the Czar of Russia of late, and his former plan of high living has been checked by his physicians.

—The Dutch Parliament have, by an almost unanimous vote, declared their King, WILLIAM III., incapable of filling his office. He is mentally and physically decrepit, and his regal powers have been assumed by the Council of State. His daughter, the Princess WILHELMINA, who is the direct heir to the throne, is only ten years old, and it is possible that her mother, Queen EMMA, may be declared Regent until her daughter is of an age to govern.

—OLIVER C. BULLARD, who shared with FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED in the work of beautifying Central Park, of this city, and Prospect Park, of Brooklyn, died a few days ago. He was a brother of Mrs. HENRY WARD BEECHER, had served in the Union Army during the war, and had of late years been a landscape gardener of some eminence.

—In the course of his career as a journalist and writer of pamphlets, HENRI ROCHEFORT is said to have fought twenty-three duels. In sixteen of these he escaped unhurt, but was wounded more or less seriously in the remaining seven.

—Captain MURPHY, of the Cunard Line, whose death occurred recently, had been engaged in steam navigation nearly all his life, and had crossed the ocean seven hundred times.

—General SHERMAN almost always rides in the street cars by preference, alleging as his reason that the bad pavements of the city make travel in a cab a jolting discomfort that precludes all connected conversation.

—By his late appointment as Chaplain to the House of Commons, Archdeacon FARRAR receives an addition to his income of $3000 a year. He was already in receipt annually of $2500 as rector of St. Margaret's, and of $5000 as a Canon of Westminster.

—Americans who have travelled in Italy, and who remember the present Queen of that country as a slender, graceful Princess, will hear with regret that she has grown quite stout, and that her hair has become entirely gray.

—The death of GEORGE M. BAKER, at Barnstable, Massachusetts, after a lingering illness of a year and a half, will be noted with regret by the many amateur actors to whom his name has been familiar through his plays. Writing as he did for the amateur stage almost exclusively, it seems wellnigh incredible that his seventy-nine published farces, comedies, and other dramas should have furnished the material for 24,000 performances yearly. Yet such is stated to have been the case. Mr. BAKER was first known as a playwright by his farce entitled *Wanted, a Male Cook.* He was an active worker for the Sanitary Commission during the war, and was for many years a publisher in Boston.

WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 891.]

BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 891.]

ROBERT E. PATTISON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.—[See Page 891.]

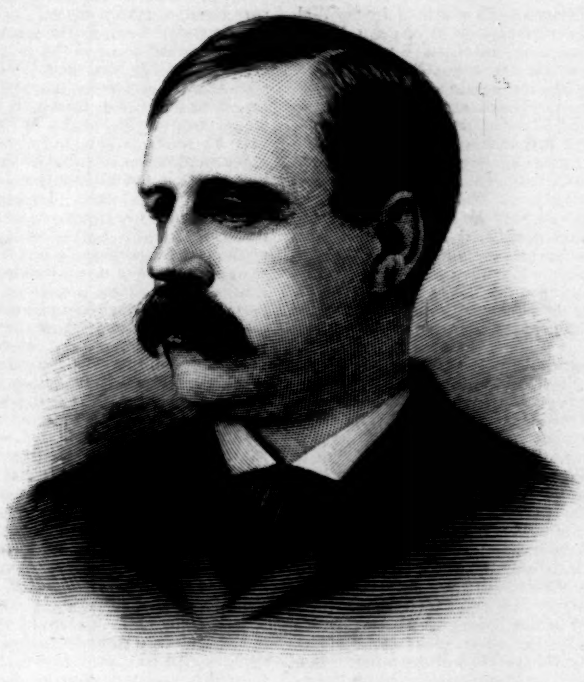
ROBERT J. REYNOLDS, OF DELAWARE.—[See Page 900.]

GEORGE W. PECK, OF WISCONSIN.
From a Photograph by Bangs, Milwaukee.—[See Page 899.]

JAMES S. HOGG, OF TEXAS.—[See Page 899.]

NEWLY ELECTED GOVERNORS.

JAMES E. BOYD, OF NEBRASKA.—[SEE PAGE 900.]



ANDREW H. BURKE, OF NORTH DAKOTA.—[SEE PAGE 900.]

JOHN L. ROUTT, OF COLORADO.—[SEE PAGE 899.]

EDWIN B. WINANS, OF MICHIGAN.—[SEE PAGE 900.]

JOHN P. BUCHANAN, OF TENNESSEE.—[SEE PAGE 900.]

HENRY H. MARKHAM, OF CALIFORNIA.—[SEE PAGE 899.]

NEWLY ELECTED GOVERNORS.

THE JOURNAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

The publication of a new book by Sir Walter Scott is a literary event of great importance. The time has been when the announcement of such a novelty would have roused the reading public as with the sound of a trumpet. That sensation so familiar in the early part of the present century is not likely to be repeated. Yet there are thousands of persons all over the world through whose hearts the promise of this book will send a thrill of joy. The illustrious author of "Marmion" and of "Waverly" passed away in 1832; and now, at the distance of fifty-eight years, his private journal is made a public possession. It is the bestowal of a great privilege and benefit. It is like hearing the voice of a deeply loved and long-lamented friend suddenly speaking to us from beyond the grave.

In literary history the position of Scott is unique. No other writer of the English language has been so warmly loved by so wide a circle of readers. A few other authors, indeed, might be named toward whom the general feeling was exceedingly cordial, but in no other case has the feeling entirely lasted. In the case of Scott it endures in undiminished fervor. There are, of course, persons to whom his works are not interesting, and to whom his personality is not significant. Those persons are the votaries of the photograph, who wish to see upon the printed page the same sights that greet their vision in the streets and in the houses to which they are accustomed. But those prosy persons constitute only a single class of the public. People in general are impressible through the romantic instinct that is a part of human nature. To that instinct Scott's writings were addressed, and also to the heart that commonly goes with it. The spirit that responds to his genius is universal and perennial. Caprices of taste will reveal themselves, and will vanish; fashions will rise and will fall; but these mutations touch nothing that is elemental, and they will no more displace Scott than they will displace Shakespeare.

The journal—immensely valuable for its copious variety of thought, humor, anecdote, and chronicle—is precious, most of all, for the confirmatory light that it casts upon the character of its writer. It has long been known that Scott's nature was exceptionally noble, that his patience was beautiful, that his endurance was heroic. These pages will disclose to his votaries that he surpassed even the highest ideal of him that their affectionate partiality had formed. The period that it covers was that of his adversity and decline. He began it on November 20, 1825, in his town house, No. 39 Castle Street, Edinburgh, and he continued it, with almost daily entries—except for various sadly significant breaks after July, 1830—until April 16, 1832. Five months later, on September 21st, he was dead. He opened it with the expression of a regret that he had not kept a regular journal during the whole of his life. He had just seen some volumes of Byron's vigorous, breezy, off-hand memoranda, and the perusal of those inspiriting pages had revived in his mind the long-cherished, often-deferred plan of keeping a diary. "I have myself lost recollection," he says, "of much that was interesting, and I have deprived my family and the public of some curious information, by not carrying this resolution into effect." Having once begun the work, he steadily persevered in it, and evidently he found a comfort in its companionship. He wrote directly, and therefore fluently, setting down exactly what was in his mind from day to day; but, as he had a well-stored and well-ordered mind, he wrote with reason and taste, seldom about petty matters, and never in the strain of insipid babble that egotistical scribblers mistake for the spontaneous flow of nature. The facts that he recorded were mostly material facts, and the reflections that he added, whether serious or humorous, were important. Sometimes a bit of history would glide into the current of the chronicle; sometimes a fragment of a ballad; sometimes an analytic sketch of character—subtle, terse, clear, and obviously true; sometimes a memory of the past; sometimes a portraiture of incidents in the present; sometimes a glimpse of political life, a word about painting, a reference to music or the stage, an anecdote, a tale of travel, a trait of social manners, a precept upon conduct, or a thought upon religion and the destiny of mankind. There was no pretence of order, and there was no consciousness of an audience; yet the journal unconsciously assumed a symmetrical form, and, largely because of the spontaneous operation of its author's fine literary instinct, it became a composition worthy of the best readers. It is at once one of the saddest and one of the strongest books ever written.

It was lately the privilege of the present writer (being then in Edinburgh as a visitor) to see and examine the original manuscript of this remarkable work. It is contained in two small volumes, bound in vellum, each volume being furnished with a brass clasp that can be locked. The covers are slightly tarnished by time. The paper is yellow with age. The handwriting is fine, cramped, and often obscure. "This hand of mine," writes Scott (Vol. I., page 386), "gets to be like a kitten's scratch, and will require much deciphering, or, what may be as well for the writer, cannot be deciphered at all. I am sure I cannot read it myself." The first volume is full of writing; the second about half full. Toward the end the record is almost illegible. Scott was then at Rome, on that melancholy, mistaken journey whereby it had been hoped, but hoped in vain, that he would recover his health. The last entry that he made is this unfinished sentence: "We slept reasonably, but on the next morning—" It is not known that he ever wrote a word after that time. Lockhart, who had free access to his papers, made some use of this journal in his *Life of Scott*, which is one of the best biographies in our language; but the greater part of it was withheld from publication till a more auspicious time for its perfect candor of speech; and even now some parts of it are retained in the manuscript, never to be disclosed. A more impressive document could not be imagined. To hold those volumes and to look upon their pages—so eloquent of the great author's industry, so significant of his character, so expressive of his inmost soul—was almost to touch the hand of the Minstrel himself, to see his smile, and to hear his voice. Now that they have fulfilled their purpose, and imparted their inestimable treasure to the world, they will be restored to the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, there to be treasured among the most precious relics of the past. "It is the saddest house in Scotland," their editor, David Douglas, said to me, when lately we were walking together upon the Braid Hills, "for to my fancy every stone in it is cemented with tears." Sad or glad, however, it is a shrine to which reverent pilgrims find their way from every quarter of the earth, and it will be honored and cherished forever.

The great fame of Scott had been acquired by the time he began to write this journal, and it rested upon a broad foundation of solid achievement. He was fifty-four years old, having been born August 15, 1771, the same year in which Smollett died. He had been an author for about thirty years, his first publication, a translation of Berger's *Lenore*, having appeared in 1796, the same year that was saddened by the death of Robert Burns. His social eminence also had been firmly established. He had been sheriff of Selkirk for twenty-five years. He had been for twenty years a clerk of the Court of Sessions. He had been for five years a baronet, having received that rank from King George the Fourth in 1820. He had been for fourteen years the owner of Abbotsford, which he bought in 1811, occupied in 1812, and completed in 1824. He was yet to write *Woodstock*, the six tales called *The Chronicles of the Canongate*, *The Fair Maid of Perth*, *Anne of Geierstein*, *Count Robert of Paris*, *Castle Dangerous*, the *Life of Napoleon*, and the lovely *Stories from the History of Scotland*. All these works, together with many essays and reviews, were produced by him between 1825 and 1832, while also he was maintaining a considerable correspondence, doing his official duties, writing this journal, and carrying a suddenly imposed load of debt—which finally his herculean labors paid—amounting to £130,000 (in round numbers, $650,000).

But between 1805 and 1817 he had written "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," *Ballads and Lyrical Pieces*, "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "The Vision of Don Roderick," "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "The Field of Waterloo," and "Harold the Dauntless," thus creating a great and diversified body of poetry, in a new school and a new style, in which, although he has often been imitated, he never has been excelled. Between 1814 and 1825 he had likewise produced *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, *The Black Dwarf*, *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, *A Legend of Montrose*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, *Kenilworth*, *The Pirate*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *St. Ronan's Well*, *Redgauntlet*, *The Betrothed*, and *The Talisman*. This vast body of fiction was also a new creation in literature, for the English novel prior to Scott's time was the novel of manners, as chiefly represented by the works of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. That admirable author Miss Jane Porter had, indeed, written the *Scottish Chiefs* (1809), in which the note of imagination as applied to the treatment of historical fact and character rings true and clear; and probably that beautiful book should be remembered as the beginning of English historical romance. Scott himself said that it was the parent, in his mind, of the "Waverley Novels." But he surpassed it very far. Another and perhaps a deeper impulse to the composition of those novels was the consciousness, when Lord Byron, by the publication of "Childe Harold" (the first and second cantos, in 1812), suddenly checked or eclipsed his immediate popularity as a poet, that it would be necessary for him to strike out a new path. He had begun *Waverley* in 1805, and thrown the fragment aside. He took it up again in 1814, wrought upon it for three weeks and finished it, and so began the new career of the Great Unknown. The history of literature presents scarce a comparable example of such splendid industry sustained upon such a high level of endeavor, animated by such a glorious genius, and resultant in such a noble and beneficent fruition. The life of Balzac, whom his example inspired, and who surely may be accounted the greatest of French writers since Voltaire, is perhaps the only life that drifts suggestively into the scholar's memory as he thinks of the prodigious labors of Sir Walter Scott.

During the days of his prosperity Scott maintained his hall of Abbotsford and his town-house in Edinburgh, and frequently migrated from one to the other, dispensing a liberal hospitality at both. He was not one of those authors who think that there is nothing in this world but pen and ink. He esteemed living to be more important than writing about it, and the development of the soul to be a grander result than the production of a book. "I hate an author that's all author," said Byron; and in this virtuous sentiment Scott participated. His character and conduct, his unaffected modesty as to his own works, his desire to found a great house and to maintain a stately rank among the land-owners of his country, have, for this reason, been greatly misunderstood by dull people. They never, indeed, would have found the least fault with him if he had not become a bankrupt, for the mouth of every dunce is stopped by practical success. When he got into debt, though, it was discovered that he ought to have had a higher ambition than the wish to take his place among the landed gentry of Scotland, and even though he ultimately paid his debts—literally working himself to death to do it—he was not forgiven by that class of censors, and to some small extent their chatter of paltry disparagement still survives. While he was rich, however, his halls were thronged with fashion, rank, and renown. Edinburgh, still the stateliest city on which the sun looks down, must have been in the last days of George the Third a place of peculiar beauty, opulence, and social brilliancy. Scott, whose father was a writer to the signet, and who derived his descent from a good old Border family—the Scotts of Harden—had, from his youth upward, been accustomed to refined society and elegant surroundings. He was born and reared a gentleman, and a gentleman he never ceased to be. His father's house was in George Square (No. 25), then an aristocratic quarter, now somewhat fallen into the sere and yellow. In that house, as a youth, he saw some of the most distinguished men of the age. In after-years, when his own fortunes were ripe and his fame as a poet had been established, he drew around himself a kindred class of associates. The record of his life blazes with splendid names. As a lad of fifteen, in 1786, he saw Burns, then twenty-seven, and in the heyday of fame; and he also saw Dugald Stewart, seventeen years his senior. Lord Jeffrey was his contemporary and friend, only two years younger than himself. With Henry Mackenzie, "the Addison of Scotland," born in the first year of the last Jacobite rebellion, and therefore twenty-six years his senior, he lived on terms of cordial friendship. David Hume, who died when Scott was but five years old, was one of the great celebrities of his youthful days; and doubtless Scott saw the Calton Hill when it was as Jane Porter remembered it, "a vast green slope, with no other buildings breaking the line of its smooth and magnificent brow but Hume's monument on one part and the astronomical observatory on the other." He knew John Home, the author of *Douglas*, who was his senior by forty-seven years; and among his miscellaneous prose writings there is a most effective review of Home's works, which was written for the *Quarterly* in March, 1827. Among the actors his special friends were John Philip Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, the elder Mathews, John Banister, and Daniel Terry. He knew Yates also, and he saw Miss Foote, Fanny Kemble, and the Mathews of our day as "a clever, rather forward lad." Goethe was his correspondent. Byron was his friend and fervent admirer. Wordsworth and Moore were among his visitors and especial favorites. The aged Sir Adam Ferguson was one of his intimates. Hogg, when in trouble, always sought him, and always was helped and comforted. He was the literary sponsor for Thomas Campbell. He met Madame D'Arblay, who was nineteen years his senior, when she was seventy-eight years old; and the author of *Evelina* talked with him, in the presence of old Samuel Rogers, then sixty-three, about her father, Dr. Burney, and the days of Dr. Johnson. He was honored with the cordial regard of the great Duke of Wellington, a contemporary, being only two years his senior. He knew Croker, Haydon, Chantrey, Sydney Smith, and Theodore Hook. He read *Vivian Grey* as a new publication, and saw Disraeli as a beginner. Coleridge he met and marvelled at. ["After eating a hearty dinner, during which he spoke not a word, he began a most learned harangue on the Samothracian mysteries."] Mrs. Coutts, who had been Harriet Mellon, the singer, and who became the Duchess of St. Albans, was a favorite with him. He knew and liked that savage critic William Gifford. His relations with Sir Humphry Davy, seven years his senior, were those of kindness. He had a great regard for Lord Castlereagh and Lord Melville. He liked Robert Southey, and he cherished a deep affection for the poet Crabbe, who was twenty-three years older than himself, and who died in the same year. Of Sir George Beaumont, the great friend and wise patron of Wordsworth, who died in February, 1827, Scott wrote that he was "by far the most sensible and pleasing man I ever knew." Amid a society such as is indicated by these names Scott passed his life. The brilliant days of the Canongate indeed were gone, when all those wynds and closes that fringe the historic avenue from the Castle to Holyrood were as clean as wax, and when the loveliest ladies of Scotland dwelt among them, and were borne in their Sedan-chairs from one house of festivity to another. But New Street, once the home of Lord Kames, still retained some touch of its ancient finery. St. John Street, where once lived Lord Monboddo and his beautiful daughter, Miss Burnet (immortalized by Burns), and where (at No. 10) Ballantyne often convoked the friends of the author of *Waverley*, was still a cleanly place. Alison Square, George Square, Buccleuch Place, and kindred quarters were still tenanted by the polished classes of the stately old-time society of Edinburgh. The movement northerly had begun, but as yet it was inconsiderable. In those old drawing-rooms Scott was a habitual visitor, as also he was in many of the contiguous country manors—in Seyton House, and Pinkie House, and Blackford, and Ravelstone, and Craigcrook, and Caroline Park, and wherever else the intellect, beauty, rank, and fashion of the Scottish capital assembled; and it is certain that after his marriage with Miss Charlotte Carpenter the scenes of hospitality and of elegant festival were numerous and gay, and were peopled with all that was brightest in the ancient city, beneath his roof-tree in Castle Street and his turrets of Abbotsford.

There came a time at last, however, when the fabric of Scott's fortunes was to be shattered, and his imperial genius bowed down into the dust. He had long been a silent partner with Constable, his publisher, and also with Ballantyne, his printer. The publishing business failed, and they were all ruined together. It has long been customary to place the blame for this catastrophe on Constable alone. Mr. Douglas, who has edited this Journal with remarkable discretion and taste, records his opinion that "the three parties—printer, publisher, and author—were equal sharers in the imprudences that led to the disaster." Mr. Douglas likewise directs attention to the fact that the charge that Constable ruined Scott was not made during the lifetime of either. It matters little now in what way the ruin was induced. Mismanagement caused it, and not misdeed. There was a blunder, but there was no fraud. The honor of all the men concerned stands entirely vindicated before the world. Moreover, the loss was retrieved and the debt was paid—Scott's share of it in full, the other shares in part. It is to the period of this ordeal that Sir Walter Scott's journal mainly relates. Great though he had been in prosperity, he was to show himself still greater amid the storms of disaster and affliction. The earlier pages of the diary are cheerful, vigorous, and confident. The mind of the writer is in no alarm. Presently the sky changes and the tempest breaks; and from that time onward you behold a spectacle of indomitable will, calm resolution, inflexible purpose, patient endurance, steadfast industry, and productive genius that is simply sublime. Many a fact of living interest and many a gem of subtle thought and happy phrase might be culled out of the nine hundred opulent pages that make up these two handsome volumes. The observations on immortality that occur at page 43 in the first volume are in a fine and characteristic strain. The remarks scattered here and there on music, on dramatic poetry, on the operation of the mental faculties, on painting, and on national characteristics are freighted with suggestive thought. But the noble presence of the man overshadows his best words. He lost his fortune in December, 1825. His wife died in May, 1826. On the pages that immediately follow his record of that bereavement Scott has written occasional words that no one can read unmoved, and that no one who has suffered can read without a pang at the heart that is deeper than tears.

But his spirit was slow to break. "Duty to God and to my children," he said, "must teach me patience." Once he spoke of "the loneliness of these watches of the night." Not until his debts were paid and his utmost duties fulfilled would that great soul yield. "I may be bringing on some serious disease," he presently remarks, "by working thus hard; if I had once justice done to other folks, I do not much care, only I would not like to suffer long pain." A little later the old spirit shows itself: "I do not like to have it thought that there is any way in which I can be beaten....Let us use the time and faculties which God has left us, and trust futurity to His guidance.... I want to finish my task, and then good-night. I will never relax my labor in these affairs either for fear of pain or love of life. I will die a free man, if hard working will do it.... My spirits are neither low nor high—grave, I think, and quiet—a complete twilight of the mind.... God help—but rather God bless—man must help himself.... The best is, the long halt will arrive at last and cure all.... It is my dogged humor to yield little to external circumstances.... I shall never see the three-score and ten, and shall be summed up at a discount. No help for it, and no matter either." In this mood of mingled submission and resolve, clearly denoted by these sentences (which occur at long intervals in his record), he wrought at his task until it was finished. By *Woodstock* he earned £8000; by the *Life of Napoleon*, £18,000; by other writings still other sums. The details of his toil appear day by day in these quiet pages, tragic through all their simplicity, and sadder than

* *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott*, 1825-1832. From the Original Manuscript at Abbotsford. With Two Portraits and Engraved Title-pages. Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, $7 50. Harper & Brothers. 1890.

tears. He was a heart-broken man from the hour when his wife died, but he held up by sheer force of will and sense of honor, and he endured and worked till the end without a murmur; and when he had done his task, he laid down his pen and died.

It must have been a prodigious labor to copy the original manuscript. Mr. Douglas has had this work in preparation for three years. Every doubtful word in Scott's handwriting has been examined with microscopic scrutiny. The felicity of the author's phrases is one of the chief beauties of the work. It was essential to secure an exact text, and this has been obtained. The notes supplied by Mr. Douglas give many fresh and pleasing anecdotes, together with many interesting facts about persons who are mentioned in the journal. There are at Abbotsford twenty-four large volumes of manuscript letters from all sorts of people that were received and filed by Scott. Much of this material Mr. Douglas has explored in order to gather needful facts and to settle dubious points. One of these letters—a most interesting communication from Thomas Carlyle—he reprints in an appendix to this work. Scott and Carlyle never met, although they were once together in the same room—a book-store in Edinburgh. In the fulfilment of his editorial duty Mr. Douglas has shown both a scholar-like zeal and a reverent spirit. The embellishments of these volumes are engraved copies of the portraits of Sir Walter Scott, by John Graham Gilbert and Sir Francis Grant; vignettes, by George Reid, showing the dial stone in the garden at Abbotsford—one view in sunshine and one in shadow; and a map of Abbotsford. Fac-similes are also given of Scott's handwriting in different parts of the journal. The book ought to have a place in every library in the land, and to be often in the hands of every reader.

WILLIAM WINTER.

FROM THE TOP OF A COACH.

(*Continued from page 884, Supplement.*)

ure, signed by De Blowitz, of the *Times*, the celebrated diviner and revealer of state secrets. Of these lines it was written in the *Figaro:* "The album has worked a miracle; it has made a poet of De Blowitz." Here, in quaint proximity, you may see an adorable lamp-light drawing by Bouvin, the autograph of Pasteur, a saucy sentence by Judic, a line of music by Massenet, and a cat sketch by Lambert. There is some romantic prose by Albert Wolff, who writes about his forlorn youth and the kindness shown him by Dumas *père*, who, as he puts it, rescued both the vulture and himself from oblivion. Other pages contain a waltz by Henri Herz, a bit of ballet music by Leo Delibes, and witty squibs by Halévy and Philippe Gille; also a tender and graceful poem to the departed Offenbach by Henri Meilhac. A tribute to Thiers by Meissonier is in a handwriting as fine and close as the style of the great artist's drawing.

Art and literature pervade the very atmosphere at St.-Germaine-en-Laye. Octave Feuillet has long resided there. Alexandre Dumas *fils* and Victorien Sardou live near by. Here the erratic Saint-Saëns comes now and then to breathe a purer air while in the throes of composition. The flying hours hurry us along. There is time but for a brief walk in the beautiful forest across the way before we must meet the coach on the terrace. At the hour we are warned by some amateur's attempt on the horn, a low weird sound, horribly like Don Silva's fatal reminder to Hernani at the Comédie Française.

Mr. Ridgway is to drive us to the Haras de Suresnes. With his white gaiters, orchid in button-hole, and very correct attire, he is a showy figure on the box-seat, and possesses the peculiarity of looking absolutely guiltless of his various exploits. As we are being bowed away by a row of stragglers and servants who stand blinking in the sunlight, the guard plays the good old tune of "Money Musk." "Such music," some one declares, "should make the baby Louis in the album get out of the saucepan and dance."

There is both skill and judgment in the manner in which Mr. Ridgway takes us around the corners and down the long hills. Down we go. The delicious grays and purples of the distance melt all too rapidly away. In a few brief moments the grand panorama is before us in memory only.

We clatter over the cobbles of the various villages, wind along the river at Bougival, enjoy the speckled sunlight and sweet green shade of the Allée, note the soft color of the dull blue blouses in the blond wheat, and find ourselves all too soon approaching the Haras de Suresnes to the sound of a reveillé that threatens to bring out not only our change of horses, but all the soldiers in the garrison at Mount Valérien. Here Baron Lejeune takes the reins. His slender figure, all in black, has a boyish look, and does not suggest the fact that he is the father of the two beautiful black-eyed youngsters who precociously drive out in a tiny cart to meet us in the Bois de Boulogne. The Baron is the personification of French *chic*. There is an inspiration in his capital driving, and he handles the reins as gracefully as a greyhound takes a fence.

The business of driving a four-horse coach, M. Levesque explains to us, is as scientific as chess-playing, and demands as close an attention. The horses, never alike, and often very unequal, must be watched and studied. The driver has sometimes to restrain one, coax another, and whip a third, in order to maintain a harmony that is accepted by the observer as a matter of course. All turns and all close encounters must be calculated well in advance, with due allowance for every unfortunate possibility. Whatever happens or threatens, the driver must keep a serene countenance, a stylish seat, and a silent tongue. In fact— But we are in the thickest of the Bois de Boulogne at the hour of the afternoon drive, and the author of *Les Grandes Guides* gives over trying to explain in a few sentences a subject which demands a volume for elucidation.

The Bois is full of Americans. Deftly handled, the coach threads the maze. Many bows and smiles come up to us. We have an uninterrupted view of the tops of the new bonnets, and now and then, in salutation, a glimpse of a bald head. Suddenly a coach crosses our path—a handsome private coach—driven, and very well handled too, by a blond American girl in a mastic top-coat and tailor-made suit of the same shade. Harmonious in color, there lies, close to her russet heels, a white-and-tan bull-dog.

"Well, I never!" says the Nabob. "That beats Chicago."

Away we go; and soon we see the maids in caps popping their heads out of the hotel windows on the Rue de la Paix. The Muses on the Opera-house are still holding their trumpets as if ready to join our guard in the farewell roulade. Cabs and carriages are waiting for us on the Avenue de l'Opéra.

To come down from the coach to a victoria is to feel as if you had been dropped into a cellar and were breathing bad air. There is no more melancholy experience than to become used to a lofty position, and then be obliged to descend from it. "It makes one feel like an ex-President," says some one. The trip has made at least one convert to sport. "In Chicago," says the Nabob, "we have the most beautiful roads you ever saw, and I'm going to have my nephews start a coach just as soon as I get back."

THE NEW RÉGIME IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE campaign just ended in South Carolina by the election of Benjamin R. Tillman as Governor of the State is in some respects one of the most remarkable in political history. It began early in the spring, and ended only with the evening of election day. During almost the whole of the intervening time the contest has waged fiercely, and Tillman's victory, whatever else may be said about it, has been won by hard and unremitting labor.

In order to understand the causes that led to this overthrow of the South Carolina aristocracy, it is necessary to take a brief glance backward. When Governor Chamberlain's administration was abandoned to its own resources by President Hayes in 1876, the Republican domination in South Carolina collapsed like a bladder pricked by a pin. There was established in its place an oligarchy, headed by General Wade Hampton and General M. C. Butler, the former of whom took the Governor's chair and the latter a seat in the United States Senate, and both of whom have represented South Carolina at Washington almost ever since that time. This oligarchy has maintained itself, as against the efforts of the Republicans to gain control, by an appeal to race feeling. The evils of negro domination were so vividly remembered, that so long as the Republican party kept up its State organization, the white people of South Carolina felt that "eternal vigilance was the price of liberty," and the regular Democratic organization represented for them the only important political principle—namely, opposition to negro rule. For the past three or four years, however, there has been practically no Republican State organization in South Carolina, and the efforts of the negroes to obtain political recognition have been mostly confined to the Seventh Congressional District. This state of affairs presented a favorable opportunity for the development of an opposition among the white people to the oligarchy that so long had guided political interests in the State. The Farmers' Alliance—an organization which seems to have inherited all the power of the old Grange, with much additional power of its own—spread over the South like wildfire on the prairies. The bulk of the population in South Carolina and Georgia is agricultural, and the principles of the Alliance appeal directly to the sentiments and the pockets of the men who raise corn and cotton on the hill-sides and in the bottom-lands of these two States. A year or more ago Benjamin R. Tillman saw the great possibilities which lay within the Alliance as a political force. He saw, too, that the feeling of respect for the regular Democratic organization was so strong that the hope of success was much greater if that organization could be captured from the inside than as if an independent farmers' party were organized to fight the regular organization. Tillman therefore laid his plans, and went to work vigorously to capture the delegates sent to the regular nominating Conventions of the Democratic party. After he had a fair start his campaign was waged openly and above-board. He and his chief competitor for the Democratic nomination made an old-fashioned stumping tour of the State, holding joint debates at every important town and cross-roads in the regular Southern fashion. As the nomination was felt to be equivalent to election, the contest was as hot as though the two candidates had already been named by different parties, and the election were to take place in the nominating Convention. As it became evident that Tillman was gaining ground, threats of violence were freely made. Attempts were made to involve him in a duel, and his partisans feared greatly that he would be assassinated before the nominating Convention met. In the early part of his campaign Mr. Tillman had made charges of extravagance and corruption against the State administration. These charges were met with a flat denial and with what amounted to a challenge by the representatives of the old régime. Tillman was compelled to hedge in his statements, and virtually to retract some of his accusations, but this did not seem to injure him materially in the eyes of the voters. He carried primary after primary, and when the Convention finally met he had a large majority of its delegates. The minority withdrew from the Convention, and threatened to make a "straight-out" nomination. At that time, however, this was not done, and for a fortnight or so it seemed that Tillman was to be unopposed.

It was known, however, that many of the adherents of the present administration would not support Tillman, and the remnants of the Republican party showed signs of life, and got together in a Convention. Instead of nominating a negro ticket or a straight Republican ticket, this Convention thought it would be good politics to nominate a ticket composed of "straight-out" Democrats opposed to Tillman. It was supposed that a ticket of this kind would command the negro vote, and that enough white men of the old organization would support it to enable the negroes to get in their ballots. Then the contest began again as furiously as ever. For a week before the election it seemed possible that Judge Haskell might defeat Tillman. The returns show, however, that the negroes did not vote for Haskell in very great numbers. Either they did not vote at all, or they divided, and as many supported Tillman as voted for his opponent.

Mr. Tillman—or Captain Tillman, as he is generally known in his own State—is a farmer, and owns a fine plantation. He is about forty-five years old, and has never been prominent until two years ago, when he led the movement to establish a college for farmers' sons. His brother, George D. Tillman, is the Representative in Congress of the Second District of South Carolina.

WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL.

THE election of a Democratic Governor of Massachusetts is not a very surprising event to those who have watched the recent development of politics in that State. Massachusetts continues to be, what it has been always, extremely susceptible to appeals of a moral or an intellectual character. The country has been in the habit of regarding the commonwealth as one of the certain Republican strongholds, while all the time there has been going on at the very heart of the State a wonderful change. The new blood that has been infused through the electoral body has not been like that which it replaced. New ideas have come to the front with new men.

It seems strange that the election of Governor Gaston in 1874, and afterward of Benjamin F. Butler, should not have prepared the country for the great overturn of this year. But Massachusetts kept on giving the Republican party a majority in every Presidential year, and therefore they only expected Mr. Russell's triumph who knew that Harvard University was annually adding new blood to the Democratic party; that the educated young men of the State were active workers against the party in power on the civil service issue and on the tariff question.

William Eustis Russell will be one of the youngest Governors that Massachusetts ever had, but he has been a familiar and greatly admired figure in the politics of his native State for at least five years. This is his third struggle for the office to which he has been elected, and in every contest he has made a brilliant canvass, vigorously attacking his opponents on the stump, and making a series of such speeches as the people of Massachusetts like to hear.

Mr. Russell was born in Cambridge in 1857, within the shadow of the university from which he was graduated in 1877. His father is the well known Boston lawyer Charles Theodore Russell. The family is of Cambridge and Harvard, and is known to the students of many generations. The newly elected Governor was a hearty, manly, out-of-door student. He loved to lead the cheering at the boat-races and the ball matches, and no alumnus of his time can shout louder than Russell on Class Day.

Very soon after his graduation he came to the front as one of the leaders of the most intense and strenuous political movements of this decade—the movement of the young men against the anchored relics of the past.

In 1885 Mr. Russell was made Mayor of Cambridge, and the ability which he displayed in the administration of his office gave him a reputation throughout the State very much like that which Mr. Cleveland won as Mayor of Buffalo. In 1888 he was nominated for Governor, and, while he was defeated by Governor Ames, he polled nearly 1000 votes more than were cast for Mr. Cleveland for President. It was in this year that Mr. Russell gave evidence of his great oratorical gift. He worked and talked incessantly, making the tariff and Mr. Cleveland's record the leading topics of his speeches. The people of the State began to look upon him with the affectionate admiration and wondering sympathy with which a dashing military leader is regarded, so that when he was nominated in 1889 there was some expectation that he would be successful. This time his competitor was Governor Brackett, and Mr. Russell at the end of another vigorous campaign had the satisfaction of seeing the plurality of his opponent reduced from 29,000 to 6775. It was equivalent to a victory, and the triumph was largely personal, for the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor received a plurality of 20,791, while the Secretary of State was elected by a margin of 25,476 votes.

This year Mr. Russell has carried on his third campaign mainly on the tariff issue, and he attributes his victory entirely to the revolt of the people against the McKinley law. The reversal of the Republican majority, however, has not been suddenly brought about. It has been a long and slow process of education that has brought Massachusetts to the point of electing Democratic State officers and seven Democratic Congressmen.

ROBERT EMORY PATTISON.

ROBERT EMORY PATTISON is one of the foremost of the young men who are succeeding to the leadership of the Democratic party. He is not quite forty years old, but he has been the only Democratic Governor of Pennsylvania for more than a quarter of a century, and has been twice elected.

Governor Pattison is the son of a Methodist minister, and he is himself a devout and simple Methodist. He was educated to be a lawyer, and was brought up in the office of Lewis Cassidy, one of the most brilliant advocates at the Philadelphia bar, and Attorney-General of the State when his former student and associate was Governor.

His first public office was the Comptrollership of Philadelphia. In almost any other community, the prying and destructive inroad of an honest Democrat, bent on straightening out the mysterious finances of the Republican "bosses" who had been his predecessors, would have resulted in a party revolution. Mr. Pattison found the credit of the city impaired, its paper at a discount in the money market, its books of account revealing a corruption that led to a spasmodic but, for the time, effective reform movement. It was in 1879 and 1880, when Mr. Pattison, then only twenty-nine years old, discovered and disclosed the rascality with which the financial affairs of the city were managed, and formed a funding plan which so met the approval of the people, and especially the business men, that this young Democrat received a majority of 20,000 at his re-election, in the same year that Philadelphia gave Garfield a Republican majority of 14,000.

The successful application of business methods to the transaction of the business of the municipality made Pattison the prominent Democrat of his State, just as Grover Cleveland was made the foremost man of his party in New York, and Russell in Massachusetts.

In 1882, therefore, the old-fashioned Democrats of the State, who had been heading its factions and contending with one another for an absolutely useless supremacy, were forced to give way to the new man from Philadelphia, whose record as the financial officer of the city recommended him to the voters of the State. He was nominated for Governor. His opponent was General Beaver, who was opposed by the independent Republicans, because of his supposed relations to the Camerons. This was a year for Democratic victories. Cleveland was chosen Governor of New York by a majority of 193,000, Pattison Governor of Pennsylvania by a majority of 40,000, and Butler Governor of Massachusetts by a majority of 14,000. Pattison maintained his reputation for integrity and great executive ability.

At the end of his term he retired. A Pennsylvania Governor cannot succeed himself. Mr. Cleveland offered him the office of First Auditor of the Treasury, but Mr. Pattison declined. He was then appointed one of the government directors of the Union Pacific Railroad, and his report on the relations of the corporation to the government was and remains one of the ablest and most valuable papers in the financial history of the land-grant roads, and on the existing status of their debt to the government.

Mr. Pattison's present nomination was in answer to the demand of a large number of citizens, Republicans as well as Democrats, who were determined to rid their State of the control of Quay. The Republican candidate was attacked on the ground that he was the tool of Quay, and that he was himself tainted with corruption. These accusations, which were endorsed by many of the leading Republicans of the State, constituted the issue of the campaign. Pennsylvania was the only State in which national issues were not the most important features of the contest. The people evidently believed the accusations made against the Republican leaders, for they reversed the majority given for Mr. Harrison, two years ago, of 79,458, electing Governor Pattison a second time by a handsome margin of about 17,000.

LADY RIDER.

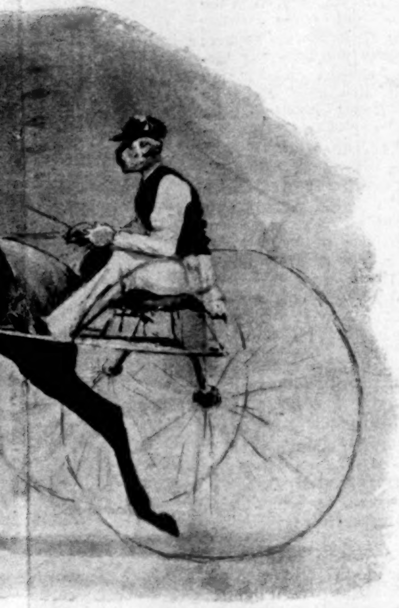
TROTTING

NORMAN PERC

SHETLAND PONY.

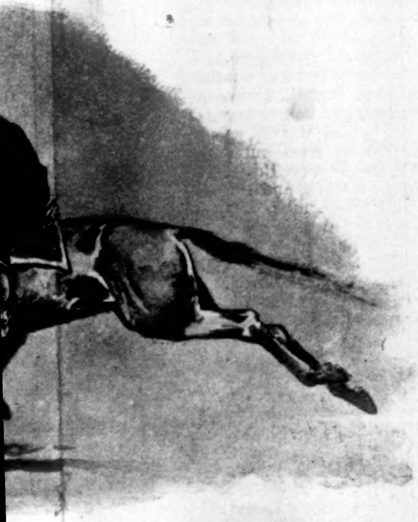
POLICE STOPPING

SKETCHES FROM THE HORSE SHOW AT THE MADISON SQ



G HORSE.

PERCHERON.



PING RUNAWAY.

JUMPING HORSE.

MARE AND COLT.

SQUARE GARDEN.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 894.]

THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW OF 1890.

When the National Horse Show Association of America opened its first exhibition in the old Madison Square Garden seven years ago, the interest aroused in this friendly equine contest foretold a series of successful and interesting exhibitions. With the present Annual Exhibition, the association finds itself housed in the beautiful new Madison Square Garden building, than which no more perfect structure, adapted to such purposes, can be found in America. There is a flood of daylight, fresh air in plenty, heat, artificial light, and drainage to perfection. The vast amphitheatre seats 10,000 persons, and every portion of the "show ring" will be visible from any part of the building. In fact the Madison Square Garden Company and the Horse Show Association are practically controlled by the same set of people. Among the officers of the latter corporation are: Cornelius Fellowes, president; John G. Hecksher, vice-president; H. H. Hollister, treasurer; and J. T. Hyde, secretary. Some of the directors are: Laurence Kip, H. W. T. Mali, George Peabody Wetmore, Frederic Bronson, F. K. Sturgis, and F. T. Underhill. On the list of honorary vice-presidents appear the names of A. J. Cassatt, W. K. Vanderbilt, David Bonner, F. A. Schermerhorn, and E. D. Morgan. To prepare the arena for this special occasion, the 31,000 square feet "ball platform" has been taken up, and under the supervision of Mr. Benson Sherwood, between six and seven hundred loads of earth has been brought in, covering the original floor to a depth of about five inches. Five hundred stalls and loose-boxes for the accommodation of the horses have been placed in the building, principally in the basement, underneath the first tier of seats and boxes. This basement is in reality a circular hall or underground gallery, thirty-two feet wide and twenty-two feet high. The stalls and boxes are fitted into a channel in the wall and a socket, which is bedded in the cement flooring. All the provisions taken for the health and comfort of the stock are excellent in character; the loose-boxes are ten by nine feet, and the "fittings" are of the most substantial and latest designs. A row of stalls encircling the arena will also be erected, outside of which there will be a promenade ten feet wide, and inside of all the "show ring" proper.

The exhibition opened on the 10th, and continues to the 15th inst. The entries are classified as thorough-breds, Arabs, trotters, roadsters, Clydesdales, Normans, English shires, hackneys, coaching stallions, horses in harness, carriage horses, tandems, four-in-hand teams, cobs in harness, ponies in harness, horse and cab, saddle horses, cobs under saddle, ponies, hunters and jumpers, fire-engine horses, and police horses. The programme this year is the richest and most varied the association has ever given, made possible by the entry list of nearly 1100 horses. The enormous growth of racing in this country, and the consequent increase in the demand for the thorough-bred horse, are revealed in this year's horse show. There are no less than fourteen thorough-bred stallions entered, among which are Mr. A. J. Cassatt's celebrated prize winner Bend Or, by imp. Buckden; the Bloodgood Stock Farm's Hard Lines, a son of that game race-horse Umpire, winner of the Manchester Cup in 1876; Mr. C. Astley Cooper's St. George, by the great Cremorne. Mr. J. D. Cheever sends Helicon, son of the Cesarewitch winner Cardinal York. Mr. Edward Kelly's Madison Stud will be represented by Greenland, winner of the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Jerome Park. Other good ones are Cavalier, Sharpcatcher, Black Dean, and Regent. The display of trotters is particularly strong and noteworthy. Six celebrated stallions—including Mambrino King, Chimes, and Favorite Wilkes—each with four of his get, will be exhibited, thus bringing thirty horses into the ring at one time. Mr. C. J. Hamlin, of Cleveland, will drive Belle Hamlin and Justina, which have trotted a mile double in 2.13, the best on record. Mr. J. W. Ogden shows Loo and Margery Daw; and Colonel Kip, Fastrade and Katrine.

One of the most interesting features of this year's horse show is the presence for the first time in the classification and prize list of the hackneys. This is a recognized and useful class of horse in England, and has come much into vogue within the last few years in this country. The hackney horse combines on a smaller scale—say fifteen hands and under—all the qualities of the coach horse and hunter. He possesses nearly all the knee and hock action, fire, and general style of the coach horse, with more speed, together with the weight-carrying capacity, endurance, staying power, and gameness of the hunter. In the present extension of suburban and country life in the United States this and the cob furnish two invaluable classes of family horses, and for the saddle stand unequalled. They "rig up" better than the ordinary roadster, or horse bred on trotting lines, are good-tempered, easily handled, and will go "all day." I believe that the hackney and the cob (they are closely related) are destined to become as popular in this country as in England, and will soon prove profitable breeders to those interested in fancy strains of horses. Among the hackneys entered are Mr. A. J. Cassatt's splendid little horse Little Wonder; Dr. W. Seward Webb's Brown Fashion, Accident, and Spotboro Fashion. The Bloodgood Stock Farm sends its $12,000 Star of Nepal, also Lionel and Sirrah; Mr. Prescott Lawrence sends that superb black horse Fashion, winner of innumerable prizes. In addition to these there are numerous entries from Mr. George Hastings, of Toronto, the Chestnut Hill Stock Farm, Dr. Dennis, Mr. E. D. Jordan, and Mr. J. D. Cheever. The directors of the association are to be congratulated upon securing the services as judge in this class of Hon. W. Burdett-Coutts, president of the Yorkshire Coach-horse Society, and member of the Hackney Society Council.

There are over one hundred trotters entered; the harness and carriage horses number 183; saddle horses, cobs, and ponies, 180; and hunters, nearly three hundred. Society will be all agog over the fifteen tandems and twelve four-in-hands, and the general public, in turn, will be deeply interested in the exhibition of police horses, by mounted officers, who will endeavor to give a practical illustration of stopping runaways. There will be an exceptionally fine display in the hunter and jumping classes, which takes an additional interest from the high-jumping contest. Among the entries for that event are Morehouse & Peffer's celebrated Rosebery, who will try to beat his own 7 feet 1 inch, now the best on record, made at the Toronto Horse Show last September; besides there are S. S. Howland's Ontario, and H. L. Herbert's Transport, and several other good ones. The conditions for this high jump are as follows: There must be two entries, the property of different owners (this condition is binding in every class, or there will be no money prizes given). The first prize is $500, offered by the association, and the winner must tie the record of 7 feet 1 inch or higher; the second prize of $100 is offered by General Thomas T. Eckert. In case of a tie the owners may divide the first and second prize-money, or, failing to agree to do this, the tie must be jumped off. Should the horses entered for this contest fail to equal the record on the day appointed for the contest, the judges may accord them another trial at a later day. The entrance fee is $25, p. p., and the minimum weight to be carried 135 pounds. The following rules of the association to govern: The start will be made with a fence 4 feet 6 inches high, to be raised six inches at a time until six feet be reached, after which it will be raised three inches at a time until the contest is decided. Each horse will be allowed four trials until 5 feet 6 inches is reached; from and after this height five trials will be allowed until the horse is disqualified. The top bar will be held in its place by employés of the association, and knocking off the top bar counts against the animal the same as actual refusal; the time between jumps is at the discretion of the judges.

Among the special prizes for hunters is one of $100, in plate, offered by a member of the Meadow Brook Club, "for the best-mannered hunter, to be ridden three times over the regular jumps—once at a trot, once at a canter, and once at a gallop." Mr. F. K. Sturgis offers $100, in money or plate, for the horse making the highest jump in excess of the existing record of 6 feet 9¼ inches, made at this association's show of 1888. Mr. W. E. D. Stokes offers $100, in money or plate, for best high jumper, open to all horses. The Central Park Riding Club, $150 in plate for best high jumper, to be ridden by amateurs—professionals barred; and Mr. George Whitlock offers $100, in money or plate, for the horse taking six successive jumps five feet high, best style, gentlemen riders.

One class in the horse show always excites a double interest, not only among the grown folks, but particularly among the little ones, and that is the pony class. The American Pony Racing Association offers $100, in money or plate, for the best performance of ponies over the regular jumps; open only to registered ponies not exceeding 14.01, to be ridden by members of the American Pony Racing Association. In addition there are the regular prizes for ponies, and also three separate prizes for Shetland ponies. Owing to the fact that most of the large breeding farms for draught-horses are in the West, it is likely that the display of Percherons, Normans, shires, Clydesdales, and other draught breeds will be somewhat limited; this is to be regretted, as a Percheron or Clyde stallion in the ring is a sight worth seeing. The fashionable devotion to riding in this country, especially among ladies, and particularly in New York, and the consequent growth of riding academies, riding clubs, etc., make the class "riding horses" for ladies a particularly attractive one, the New York Riding Club offering two prizes of $100 and $50 for the best "high school horse," and Mr. Francis L. Morrell $100, in a lady's solid silver toilet set, for "lady's saddle-horse" (the *bona fide* property of ladies), not exceeding 15.2; must show quality, breeding, and especially good manners.

For trotters the association offers no less than thirteen prizes, from $500 down to $50, and the National Association of Trotting-horse Breeders $250, in plate, for standard-bred stallion, to be shown with four of his get, these to be two years old and under. For the fire and police horses the association offers an aggregate of $450 in prizes, and Mr. John G. Hecksher and Mr. E. A. Buck offer $100 each for mounted police-officers, and Mr. W. Bayard Cutting $100, for Central Park mounted police. Among the other givers of special prizes are Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Messrs. Harris & Nixon, Mr. Prescott Lawrence, Mr. F. A. Schermerhorn, Mr. Reginald W. Rives, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York Tandem Club, Mr. Charles Lanier, Messrs. John Osborn, Son, & Co., Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer, and Mr. Edward Kelly, proprietor of the Madison Stud, and owner of that good race-horse Devotee.

The expenses of this horse show for preparing the building and the prize list, etc., is set at about $40,000, and the management estimate their receipts at $80,000, which, if realized, leaves quite a handsome profit. This seems more than possible, as the arena boxes brought $15,000. There are to be six matinées and six evening performances, although the entertainment will be practically continuous, the show being open from nine o'clock in the morning until eleven at night. The amount of interest taken in these annual exhibitions is remarkable, and the present one promises to outdo all others ever held in this country, both as to the number of entries and an enthusiastic attendance, the association being particularly fortunate this year in having the co-operation of Mr. T. Henry French; his right-hand man, Mr. James W. Morrissey; their superintendent, Mr. Benson Sherwood; and Mr. Edmund C. Stanton, treasurer of the Madison Square Garden Company. Harry P. Mawson.

THE RECORD OF BADALIA HERODSFOOT.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

I.

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"
—*Pippa Passes.*

This is not that Badalia whose spare names were Joanna, Pugnacious, and McCanna, as the song says, but another and much nicer lady.

In the beginning of things she had been unregenerate; had worn the heavy, fluffy fringe which is the ornament of the costermonger's girl, and there is a legend in Gunnison Street that on her wedding-day she, a flare-lamp in either hand, danced dances on a discarded lover's winkle-barrow, till a policeman interfered, and then Badalia danced with the Law amid shoutings. Those were her days of fatness, and they did not last long, for her husband after two years took to himself another woman, and passed out of Badalia's life, over Badalia's senseless body; for he stifled protest with blows. While she was enjoying her widowhood the baby that the husband had not taken away died of croup, and Badalia was altogether alone. With rare fidelity she listened to no proposals for a second marriage, according to the customs of Gunnison Street, which do not differ from those of the Barralong. "My man," she explained to her suitors, "'e'll come back one o' these days, an' then, like as not, 'e'll take an' kill me if I was livin' 'long o' you. You don't know Tom; I do. Now you go. I can do for myself—not 'avin' a kid."

She did for herself with a mangle, some tending of babies, and an occasional sale of flowers. This last trade is one that needs capital, and takes the vender very far westward, insomuch that the return journey from, let us say, the Burlington Arcade to Gunnison Street, E., is an excuse for drink, and then, as Badalia pointed out, "You come 'ome with your shawl arf off your back, an' your bonnick under your arm, and the price of nothing at all in your pocket, let alone a slop takin' care o' you." Badalia did not drink, but she knew her sisterhood, and gave them rude counsel. Otherwise she kept herself to herself, and meditated a great deal upon Tom Herodsfoot, her husband, who would come back some day, and the baby that would never return. In what manner these thoughts wrought upon her mind will not be known.

Her entry into society dates from the night when she rose literally under the feet of the Reverend Eustace Hanna, on the landing of No. 17 Gunnison Street, and told him that he was a fool, without discernment in the dispensation of his district charities.

"You give Lascar Loo custids," said she, without the formality of introduction; "give her pork-wine. Garn! Give 'er blankits. Garn 'ome! 'Er mother she eats 'em all, and drinks the blankits. Gits 'em back from the shop, she does, before you come visiting again, so as to 'ave 'em all handy an' proper; an' Lascar Loo she sez to you, 'Oh, my mother's that good to me!' she do. Lascar Loo 'ad better talk so, bein' sick abed, 'r else 'er mother would kill 'er. Garn! you're a bloomin' gardener—you an' yer custids! Lascar Loo don't never smell of 'em even."

Thereon the curate, instead of being offended, recognized in the heavy eyes under the fringe the soul of a fellow-worker, and so bade Badalia mount guard over Lascar Loo, when the next jelly or custard should arrive, to see that the invalid actually ate it. This Badalia did, to the disgust of Lascar Loo's mother, and the sharing of a black eye between the three; but Lascar Loo got her custard, and, coughing heartily, rather enjoyed the fray.

Later on, partly through the Reverend Eustace Hanna's swift recognition of her uses, and partly through certain tales poured out with moist eyes and flushed cheeks by Sister Eva, youngest and most impressionable of the Little Sisters of the Red Diamond, it came to pass that Badalia, arrogant, fluffy-fringed, and perfectly unlicensed in speech, won a recognized place among such as labor in Gunnison Street.

These were a mixed corps, zealous or hysterical, faint-hearted, or only very wearied of battle against misery, according to their lights. The most part were consumed with small rivalries and personal jealousies, to be retailed confidentially to their own tiny cliques in the pauses between wrestling with death for the body of a moribund laundress, or scheming for further mission grants to resole a consumptive compositor's very consumptive boots. There was a rector that lived in dread of pauperizing the poor, would fain have held bazars for fresh altar cloths, and prayed in secret for a new large brass bird, with eyes of red glass, fondly believed to be carbuncles. There was Brother Victor, of the Order of Little Ease, who knew a great deal about altar cloths, but kept his knowledge in the background while he strove to propitiate Mrs. Jessel, the Secretary of the Teacup Board, who had money to dispense, but hated Rome—even though Rome would, on its honor, do no more than fill the stomach, leaving the dazed soul to the mercies of Mrs. Jessel. There were all the Little Sisters of the Red Diamond, daughters of the horseleech, crying "Give" when their own charity was exhausted, and pitifully explaining to such as demanded an account of their disbursements in return for one half-sovereign, that relief-work in a bad district can hardly be systematized on the accounts' side without expensive duplication of staff. There was the Reverend Eustace Hanna, who worked impartially with Ladies' Committees, Androgynous Leagues, and Guilds, Brother Victor, and anybody else who could give him money, boots, or blankets, or that more precious help that allows itself to be directed by those who know. And all these people learned, one by one, to consult Badalia on matters of personal character, right to relief, and hope of eventual reformation in Gunnison Street. Her answers were seldom cheering, but she possessed special knowledge and complete confidence in herself.

"I'm Gunnison Street," she said to the austere Mrs. Jessel. "I know what's what, *I* do, an' they don't want your religion, mum, not a single— Excuse me. It's all right when they comes to die, mum, but till they die what they wants is things to eat. The men they'll shif' for themselves. That's why Nick Lapworth sez to you that 'e wants to be confirmed an' all that. 'E won't never lead no new life, nor 'is wife won't get no good out o' all the money you gives 'im. No more you can't pauperize them as 'asn't things to begin with. They're bloomin' well pauped. The women they can't shif' for themselves—'specially bein' always confined. 'Ow should they? They wants things if they can get 'em anyways. If not, they dies, and a good job too, for women is cruel put upon in Gunnison Street."

"Do you believe that—that Mrs. Herodsfoot is altogether a proper person to trust funds to?" said Mrs. Jessel to the curate after this conversation. "She seems to be utterly godless in her speech at least."

The curate agreed. She was godless according to Mrs. Jessel's views, but did not Mrs. Jessel think that since Badalia knew Gunnison Street and its needs, as none other knew it, she might in an humble way be, as it were, the scullion of charity from purer sources, and that if, say, the Teacup Board could give a few shillings a week, and the Little Sisters of the Red Diamond a few more, and, yes, he himself could raise yet a few more, the total, not at all likely to be excessive, might be handed over to Badalia to dispense among her associates? Thus Mrs. Jessel herself would be set free to attend more directly to the spiritual wants of certain large-limbed, hulking men, who sat picturesquely on the lower benches of her gatherings, and sought for truth, which is quite as precious as silver, when you know the market for it.

"She'll favor her own friends," said Mrs. Jessel. The curate refrained from mirth, and, after wise flattery, carried his point. To her unbounded pride, Badalia was appointed the dispenser of a grant—a weekly trust, to be held for the benefit of Gunnison Street.

"I don't know what we can get together each week," said the curate to her. "But here are seventeen shillings to start with.

You do what you like with them among your people, only let me know how it goes, so that we sha'n't get muddled in the accounts. D'you see?"

"Ho yuss! 'Tain't much, though, is it?" said Badalia, regarding the white coins in her palm. The sacred fever of the administrator, only known to those who have tasted power, burned in her veins. "Boots is boots, unless they're give you, an' then they ain't fit to wear unless they're mended top an' bottom, an' jellies is jellies, an' I don't think anything o' that cheap pork-wine, but it all comes to something. It 'll go quicker 'n a quartern of gin—seventeen bob. An' I'll keep a book—same as I used to do before Tom went an' took up 'long o' that pan-faced slut in Henessy's Rents. We was the only barrer that kep' regular books, me an'—'im."

She bought a large copy-book—her unschooled handwriting demanded room—and in it she wrote the story of her war—boldly, as befits a general, and for no other eyes than her own and those of the Reverend Eustace Hanna. Long ere the pages were full the mottled cover had been soaked in kerosene. Lascar Loo's mother, defrauded of her percentage on her daughter's custards, invaded Badalia's room in 17 Gunnison Street, and fought with her to the damage of the lamp and her own hair. It was hard, too, to carry the precious "pork-wine" in one hand and the book in the other through an eternally thirsty land; so red stains were added to those of the oil. But the Reverend Eustace Hanna, looking at the matter of the book, never objected. The generous scrawls told their own tale, Badalia every Saturday night supplying the chorus between the written statements, thus:

Mrs. Hikkey, very ill, brandy 3d. Cab for hospital, she had to go, 1s. Mrs. Poone confined. In money for tea (she took it I know, sir), 6d. Met her husband out looking for work.

"I slapped 'is face for a bone-idle beggar! 'E won't get no work this side o'— Excuse me, sir. Won't you go on?"

The curate continued:

Mrs. Vincent. Confid. No lining for baby. Most untidy. In money 2s. 6d. Some cloths from Miss Evva.

"Did Sister Eva do that?" said the curate, very softly. Now charity was Sister Eva's bounden duty, yet to one man's eyes each act of her daily toil was a manifestation of angelic grace and goodness—a thing to perpetually admire.

"Yes, sir. She went back to the Sister's 'Ome an' took 'em off 'er own bed. Most beautiful marked too. Go on, sir. That makes up four and thruppence."

Mrs. Junnett to keep good fire coals is up. 7d.

Mrs. Lockhart took a baby to nurse to earn a trifle but mother can'd pay husband summons over and over. He won't help. Cash 2s. 2d. Worked in a ketchin but had to leave. Fire, tea, and shin of beef, 1s. 7½d.

"There was a fight there, sir," said Badalia. "Not me, sir. 'Er 'usband, o' course 'e come in at the wrong time, was wishful to 'ave the beef, so I calls up the next floor, an' down comes that mulatter man wot sells the sword-stick canes top o' Ludgate 'Ill. 'Muley,' sez I, 'you big black beast you, take an' kill this big white beast 'ere.' I knew I couldn't stop Tom Lock'art 'alf drunk, with the beef in 'is 'ands. 'I'll beef 'm,' sez Muley, an' 'e did it, with that pore woman a-cryin' in the next room, an' the top banisters on that landin' is broke out, but she got 'er beef tea, an' Tom 'e's got 'is gruel. Will you go on, sir?"

"No; I think it will be all right. I'll sign for the week," said the curate. One gets so used to these things profanely called human documents.

"Mrs. Churner's baby's got diptheery," said Badalia, turning to go.

"Where's that? The Churners of Painter's Alley, or the other Churners in Houghton Street?"

"Houghton Street. The Painter's Alley people, they're sold out an' left."

"Sister Eva's sitting one night a week with old Mrs. Probyn, in Houghton Street, isn't she?" said the curate, uneasily.

"Yes; but she won't sit no longer. *I've* took up Mrs. Probyn. I can't talk 'er no religion, but she don't want it, an' Miss Eva she don't want no diptheery, tho' she sez she does. Don't *you* be afraid for Miss Eva."

"But—but you'll get it, perhaps."

"Like as not." She looked the curate between the eyes, and her own eyes flamed under the fringe. "Maybe I'd like to get it, for aught you know."

The curate thought upon these words for a little time, till he began to think of Sister Eva in the gray cloak, with the white bonnet ribbons under the chin. Then he thought no more of Badalia.

What Badalia thought was never expressed in words, but it is known in Gunnison Street that Lascar Loo's mother, sitting blind-drunk on her own doorstep, was that night captured and wrapped up in the war-cloud of Badalia's wrath, so that she did not know whether she stood on her head or her heels, and after being soundly bumped on every particular stair up to her room, was set down on Badalia's bed, there to whimper and quiver till the dawn, protesting that all the world was against her, and calling on the names of children long since slain by dirt and neglect. Badalia, snorting, went out to war, and since the hosts of the enemy were many, found enough work to keep her busy till the dawn.

As she had promised, she took Mrs. Probyn into her own care, and began by nearly startling the old lady into a fit with the announcement that "there ain't no God like as not, an' if there *is* it don't matter to you or me, an' any'ow you take this jelly." Sister Eva objected to being shut off from her pious work in Houghton Street, but Badalia insisted, and by fair words and the promise of favors to come so prevailed on three or four of the more sober men of the neighborhood that they blockaded the door whenever Sister Eva attempted to force an entry, and pleaded the diphtheria as their excuse. "I've got to keep 'er out o' 'arm's way," said Badalia, "an' out she keeps. The curick won't care a —— for me, but—he wouldn't, any'ow."

The effect of that quarantine was to shift the sphere of Sister Eva's activity to other streets, and notably those most haunted by the Reverend Eustace Hanna and Brother Victor, of the Order of Little Ease. There exists, for all their human bickerings, a very close brotherhood in the ranks of those whose work lies in Gunnison Street. To begin with, they have seen pain—pain that no word or deed of theirs can alleviate—life born into death, and death crowded down by unhappy life. Also they understand the full significance of drink, which is a knowledge hidden from very many well-meaning people, and some of them have fought with the beasts at Ephesus. They meet at unseemly hours in unseemly places, exchange a word or two of hasty counsel, advice, or suggestion, and pass on to their appointed toil, since time is precious and lives hang in the balance of five minutes. For many, the gas lamps are their sun, and the Covent Garden wains the chariots of the twilight. They have all in their station begged for money, so that the freemasonry of the mendicant binds them together.

To all these influences there was added, in the case of two workers, that thing which men have agreed to call Love. The possible chance of Sister Eva's catching diphtheria did not enter into the curate's head till Badalia had spoken. Then it seemed a thing intolerable and monstrous that she should be exposed not only to this risk, but any accident whatever of the streets. A wain coming round a corner might kill ker; the rotten staircases on which she trod daily and nightly might collapse and maim her; there was danger in the tottering coping-stones of certain crazy houses that he knew well; danger more deadly within those houses. What if one of a thousand drunken men crushed out that precious life? A woman had once flung a chair at the curate's head. Sister Eva's arm would not be strong enough to ward off a chair. There were also knives that were apt to fly. These and other considerations cast the soul of the Reverend Eustace Hanna into torment, that no leaning upon Providence could relieve. God was indubitably great and terrible—one had only to walk through Gunnison Street to see that much—but it would be better, vastly better, that Eva should have the protection of his own arm. And the world that was not too busy to watch might have seen a woman, not too young, light-haired and light-eyed, slightly assertive in her speech, and very limited in such ideas as lay beyond the immediate sphere of her duty, where the eyes of the Reverend Eustace Hanna turned to follow the footsteps of a queen crowned in a little gray bonnet with white ribbons under the chin.

If that bonnet appeared for a moment at the bottom of a court-yard, or nodded at him on a dark staircase, then there was hope yet for Lascar Loo, living on one lung and the memory of past excesses; hope even for whining, sodden Nick Lapworth, blaspheming in the hope of money over the pangs of a "true conversion this time, s'elp me ——, sir." If that bonnet did not appear for a day, the mind of the curate was filled with lively pictures of horror, visions of stretchers, a crowd at some villanous crossing, and a policeman—he could see that policeman—jerking out over his shoulder the details of the accident, and ordering the man who would have set his body against the wheels—heavy dray wheels, he could see them—to "move on." Then there was less hope for the salvation of Gunnison Street and all in it.

Which agony Brother Victor beheld one day when he was coming from a death-bed. He saw the light in the eye, the relaxing muscles of the mouth, and heard a new ring in the voice that had told flat all the afternoon. Sister Eva had turned into Gunnison Street after a forty-eight hours' eternity of absence. She had not been run over. Brother Victor's heart must have suffered in some human fashion, or he would never have seen what he saw. But the law of his Church made suffering easy. His duty was to go on with his work until he died, even as Badalia went on. She, magnifying her office, faced the drunken husband, coaxed the doubly shiftless, thriftless girl wife into a little forethought, and begged clothes when and where she could for the scrofulous babes that multiplied like the green scum on the water cisterns.

The story of her deeds was written in the book that the curate signed weekly, but she never told him any more of fights and tumults in the street. "Mis' Eva does 'er work 'er way. I does mine mine. But I do more than Mis' Eva ten times over, an' 'Thank yer, Badalia,' sez 'e; 'that 'll do for this week.' I wonder what Tom's doin' now long o' that—other woman? Seems like as if I'd go an' look at 'im one o' these days. But I'd cut 'er liver out—couldn't 'elp myself. Better not go, p'raps."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BROOKLYN AND ITS "FIRST CITIZEN."

A CITY favorably located with respect to an increase of prosperity will grow in some fashion without any especial enterprise on the part of its citizens, unless, indeed, they go out of their way to drive the trade and attractiveness it might easily possess to develop elsewhere. A natural growth, in fact, is better than one that is unduly pushed, since it involves no disastrous reactions. But it matters much how this growth is shaped and how the normal advantages are made to count. There is a difference between the effects of mere drift and those of a wisely directed current. And herein lies the value of public-spirited citizens. They are the men who act upon the conviction that original cow paths and country roads do not furnish the best permanent plans for a city's streets, or give the proper key-note to the conduct of urban affairs generally.

Brooklyn is particularly indebted to James S. T. Stranahan for its rescue from the mere drift process. He has had his predecessors and helpmates, but the fact that the informal title of "First Citizen of Brooklyn" persistently clings to him is significant of the leading place in this respect he occupies in the minds of the community. Further than this, he is about to receive in recognition of his public services the unusual honor of having his statue erected while he is still living. Mr. Stranahan is now eighty-two years old, and the activities, public and private, of his long and useful life are not yet ended. He can be found daily at his place of business in the office of the Atlantic Dock Company, of which he is President; and he serves as director of several banks and trust and insurance companies, trustee for churches, public libraries, art societies, etc.; and he is a prominent member of the commission provided for by act of Legislature to consider the matter of the union of New York city and Brooklyn. For many years he was President of the Union Ferry Company, and notwithstanding the apparent antagonism of his private interests, at the same time one of the most active of the trustees of the Brooklyn Bridge. It is to Mr. Stranahan, much more than to any other one man, that Brooklyn is indebted for its beautiful pleasure-ground Prospect Park, the Eastern and Ocean parkways, and the Concourse at Coney Island. One less enthusiastic, determined, and influential than he could scarcely have overcome the obstacles, legislative and otherwise, that stood in the way of these extensive and costly projects. Mainly under his direction the sum of $8,500,000 was expended upon them.

On the day the Ocean Parkway was opened to the public, nearly twenty years ago, Mr. Stranahan was asked by a prominent citizen, "Will you have a service of plate now, or a statue after you are dead?" He denied that he had any claims to either; but the feeling that some mark of appreciation was due him did not disappear as time passed. Last winter a number of gentlemen met at dinner at a private residence in Brooklyn, and decided to organize a movement for the erection of a statue of Mr. Stranahan in an appropriate public place. A popular subscription was opened, no one being permitted to give more than one hundred dollars, and soon a sufficient amount was insured to warrant an order for the execution of the work. The sculptor selected was Frederick MacMonnies, of Paris, formerly of Brooklyn. Though a young man, Mr. MacMonnies has attained a high rank in his calling. He has entered upon the discharge of this important commission with a zest derived from early associations. The illustration on the following page shows the plaster model. It has been submitted to Augustus St. Gaudens, who consented to serve as art juror, and who has expressed himself, it is stated, as entirely satisfied with the pose and attitude indicated. Work will now proceed on the full-sized statue, which it is intended to unveil on the first day of June next in Prospect Park, on a spot yet to be determined upon. The present excellent condition of Mr. Stranahan's health renders it altogether probable that he will be present and take as prominent a part in the proceedings as his modesty will permit.

The man who is to be thus honored is of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and was born at Peterborough, Madison County, New York, on April 25, 1808. He was a farmer boy, and attended the district school until the age of seventeen. Then he became a teacher, and began the study of civil engineering. When twenty-one years old he went to Michigan Territory, with a view of entering into trade in that region. Not regarding the prospect as favorable, he returned to New York State, and engaged in the wool business at Albany. Subsequently, under the auspices of Gerrit Smith, he went to Florence, New York, and took part in the rapid development of that town. In 1838 he was elected as a Whig to the State Assembly, though the district had previously been Democratic. He went to Newark, New Jersey, in 1840, and became interested in certain railroad enterprises. Four years afterward he took up his residence in Brooklyn, and laid the foundation of its great warehouse system. In 1848 he was elected Alderman, and in 1850 ran for Mayor, but was defeated. He was chosen by the Whigs in 1854 to represent his district in Congress. For several years he served as Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police District during the time when it included New York, Brooklyn, and Staten Island. He was delegate to the National Republican conventions that nominated Lincoln in 1860 and 1864, and the latter year was Presidential elector. During the war he presided over the War Fund Committee in Brooklyn, and was active in the work of holding the Sanitary Fair, which netted some $400,000 for the care of wounded soldiers. This is but an incomplete outline of a wonderfully busy career, which is rendered doubly notable from the fact that his large private interests were and are more than sufficient to occupy the whole time and attention of any ordinary man.

The local patriotism of the "First Citizen of Brooklyn" is certainly not likely to be impugned, and yet he is an earnest mover, as stated above, in the project of merging New York and Brooklyn into one city. So far the visible progress made is not very encouraging to the advocates of the measure; but Mr. Stranahan is broad-minded and far-seeing, and points to the history of movements for municipal annexations generally as almost a guarantee of the final accomplishment of the union. When such propositions are made, it is the larger city which favors them, and the smaller which objects. Such has been the case with Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, etc., but in every instance the union came sooner or later. The larger city, aside from other incentives, is influenced by the pride of size and population; the smaller dislikes the idea of losing its individuality. The main objection to the annexation in question is in Brooklyn; but the hand of destiny points to that event, thinks Mr. Stranahan, and he is confident accordingly. The State Commission, of which he is a member, continues in office indefinitely, and if its recommendations are not heeded at first, it can recommend again.

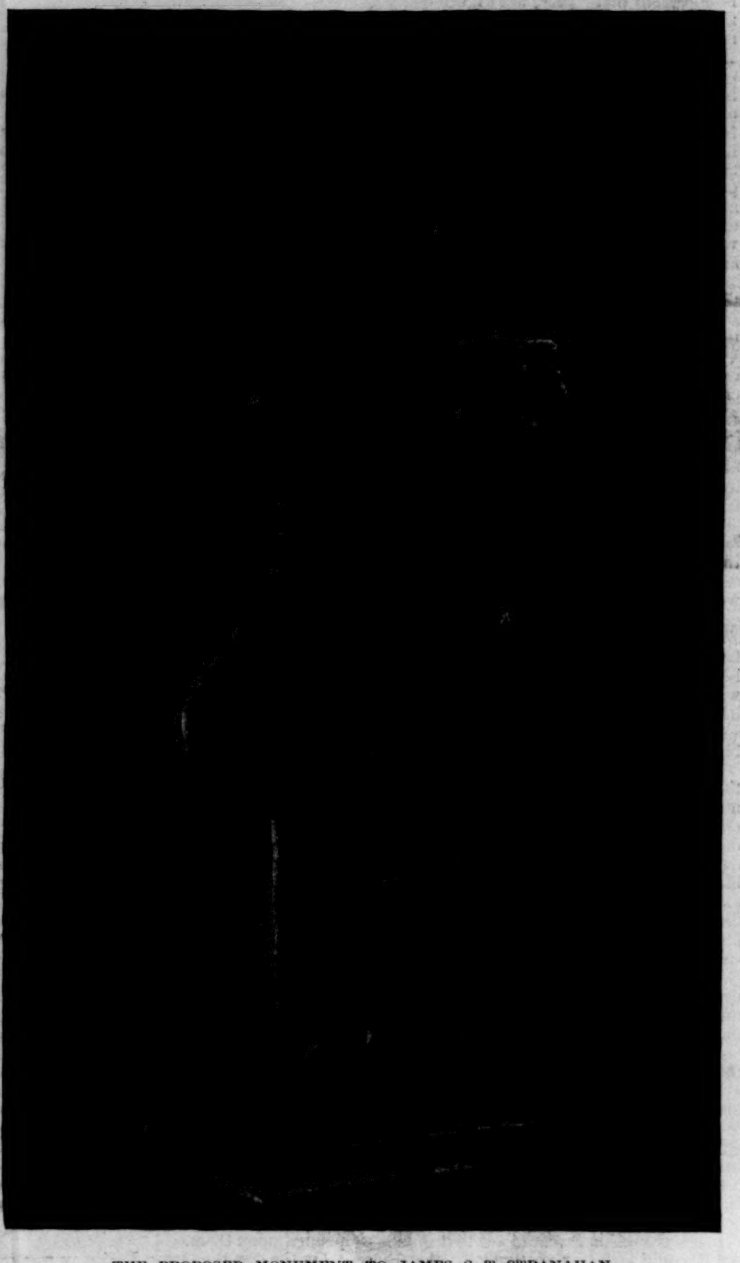
Brooklyn, according to the last government census, which there is a disinclination, as in the case of New York, to accept as final, has a little over 800,000 people, and ranks as the fourth city in point of population in the United States. It is not an unfrequent remark that it does not receive the attention its magnitude entitles it to. The reputation also attaches to it of being peculiar in that it contains but a portion of the business features of a large city, a less number of hotels than many towns one-fourth of its size, and an unusually quiet class of inhabitants. This would be a singular state of affairs indeed, if Brooklyn stood alone, like Chicago or St. Louis; but there is nothing strange about it when the fact that it is really only the segment of a city is considered. It is simply that part of the great American metropolis that lies east and south of the East River. The radial lines of the curve of its exterior boundary centre at the New York City Hall. Without Brooklyn to explain it, New York would also be a peculiar city in that it lacked a certain element of population whose absence could not be accounted for. On Manhattan Island—south of Harlem at least—there are few good neighborhoods of the medium class of dwelling-houses. The reason is that that necessary portion of the metropolis lies mainly in Brooklyn, where it exists by the square mile.

So much is this region of quiet homes sought, as a rule, by New York business men of moderate means that its population during the last ten years has increased at the rate of forty-two per cent., while that of New York has increased at the rate of but twenty-three per cent.—a proportion that will not be materially changed by any proper correction of the census that may ensue. The lack of adequate transit facilities in New York, and the fact that Brooklyn is nearer the mercantile centre than the upper part of Manhattan Island, are also factors in the case. The metropolis can spread by way of Brooklyn indefinitely on an unobstructed circular frontier, including Long Island City, of over twenty miles long, while growth within the municipal limits of New York can take but a comparatively narrow path to the north. The indications now are that the Brooklyn part of the metropolis will, before very many years, contain the larger part of the joint population, the common business centre of the whole remaining the same. To judge Brooklyn as a city, therefore, by the ordinary standard is not permissible. It could no more possess a Wall Street or Stock or Produce Exchange than London could have a second Lombard Street, Mark Lane, or Royal Exchange in Southwark, on the south side of the Thames.

The magnificent water-front of Brooklyn has insured it a maritime warehouse business that has become the most important of its kind in the harbor. In the Atlantic Basin are the only real docks in the port. The long lines of iron-shuttered structures along the bay and East River arrest the eye at once. Large manufacturing establishments also prevail in localities favorable to them. But the character of the city is pre-eminently that of a district of residences, and the trade carried on in its main thoroughfares has reference almost wholly to the wants of the household. Engaged in supplying these are retail concerns of great magnitude. The most important of them are on Fulton Street above the Court-house, and

this highway corresponds now closely with Sixth Avenue in New York. Brooklyn has no equivalent for Broadway, for the same reason that it has none for Wall Street. Since the completion of the East River Bridge there has been a gradual departure of the larger dealers from their old stands in lower Fulton Street, once the chief avenue of Brooklyn trade. A notable transition is also taking place in Washington Street, which leads directly from the end of the bridge to the Court-house. Its former residences have given place to some of the principal structures in the city. Among these is the new Post-office, about completed, and some very extensive retail business houses. There is a growth in this district of hotels, newspaper offices, etc. Atlantic, Flatbush, Myrtle, and Bedford Avenues, Court Street, and in the Eastern District, Broadway, and various other thoroughfares are lined with retail shops of a less imposing character. A seeker after a wholesale establishment would have to travel far and long.

Being a city of homes, Brooklyn naturally is numerously supplied with churches. Among its clergymen are several of world-wide fame, and it does not require the mention of their names to bring them to the mind of the intelligent reader, however distant. Perhaps there is not another city in the United States that equals it in this respect. It is similarly well supplied with educational institutions aside from the common schools. The Polytechnic, Adelphi, and Packer Institute are specially noteworthy. The Pratt Institute, a school of design and mechanical teaching, is probably the most thorough and comprehensive of its kind in the country. It has workshops of many descriptions, and gives instruction in useful employments all the way from sewing to house-building, besides the usual literary, mathematic, and other scientific studies. Its growing library is intended for general as well as special use. The Brooklyn Institute also maintains a free library, has regular courses of lectures, and is engaged in plans for the establishment of a comprehensive museum of art. The Long Island Historical Society has a fine building, containing a library whose value is widely acknowledged by authors. It includes treasures that give it a high rank among institutions of the kind everywhere. The Brooklyn Library possesses over one hundred thousand volumes, and an appropriate structure to house them. The Art Association has accommodations for exhibitions which are more or less taken advantage of, mainly for loan collections of a high character. Owing largely to Mr. Stranahan's public spirit, spoken of above, the facilities for out-door pleasures in Brooklyn are particularly fine. Prospect Park has a character of its own, and is preferred by many to Central Park in New York. It is 550 acres in extent, part of it high ground, with an extensive and varied outlook, has eight miles of graded and beautifully shaded drives, several miles of bridle-paths, a lake covering an area of sixty-one acres, pathways, rambles, arbors, rustic shelters, fountains, etc. Considerable historical interest attaches to it. On part of the ground the battle of Long Island was fought on August 27, 1776, between 20,000 British regular troops and 9000 half-trained Americans. Four hundred men were killed and wounded, and a thousand Americans, including their generals, Sullivan and Sterling, were taken prisoners. At first glance this does not seem to be a very gratifying event to recall, but it was the immediate cause of one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. The retreating troops joined the rest of the army, which was with Washington on Brooklyn Heights, and though the British felt sure of the capture of the whole force, and their boats patrolled the East River, the commander-in-chief succeeded in crossing with his men to New York without loss, and thus averted what, it would appear, must have been a crushing blow to the cause of American independence. From the park a grand boulevard, 210 feet wide and six miles long, leads to the ocean at Coney Island. Other parks and driveways might be described if space permitted.



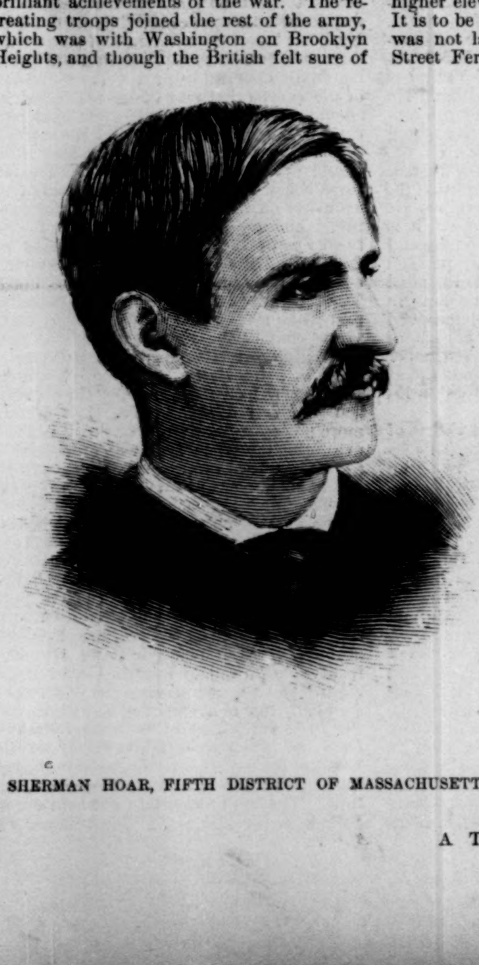
THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO JAMES S. T. STRANAHAN.

The views of New York Harbor from the higher elevations of Brooklyn are very fine. It is to be regretted that a small public park was not laid out on the Heights at Wall Street Ferry. As it is, the outlook here, save what can be had at the end of the streets abutting on the bluff, is reserved for the fortunate possessors of residences in the locality. At night the differently colored lights of the ferry-boats and other craft moving in the bay and stream, and those on the shores and East River Bridge and on the statue of Liberty, aid in forming a scene which, once beheld, is not easily forgotten. All along the ridge that reaches from the Heights, through Greenwood Cemetery, to the Narrows at Fort Hamilton, a charming view of land and water is presented. As may be inferred, with river, bay, and ocean around it, the people of Brooklyn do not suffer for want of fresh air. On the Heights it is a question if there is not rather too much of it for some constitutions.

There are would-be detractors of Brooklyn, who, in spite of its imposing array of over 800,000 people, term it an overgrown village. If this description is justified by the absence of traffic from its shaded streets of pleasant residences, the dwellers therein are glad to acknowledge that there is a foundation for it, and to disown any participation in the kind of pride that is inspired by having ceaseless noise and bustle at one's front door, and which seems to be indulged in on the same principle on which the little boy rejoiced in the possession of a sore thumb. That there are antiquated conditions in the city that could well be dispensed with is true. Among them are bad pavements on the great majority of the streets. Long Island is not an original geological formation. It has been brought to its present location from somewhere else. It has no rocks *in situ*, and its stones are all bowlders. These have been utilized as paving material with remarkable results. The size of the alleged cobble-stones in many cases is phenomenal, and there is a certain class of citizens who protest against their removal for the reason that a smooth pavement would make their streets passable, and that thus their privacy would be invaded. Gradually, however, the fact that thoroughfares were intended for the purpose of communication is gaining recognition, and an era of improvement has set in. Asphalt and a more appropriate kind of stone are multiplying, and there are now a number of well-constructed streets in the better localities. The manifestation of the modern spirit in Brooklyn is also shown by the appearance of tall apartment-houses, which are rising here and there like giants in the midst of the areas of the ordinary dwelling-houses. The flat, as in other cities, is evidently coming there to stay, though doubtless within restricted limits.

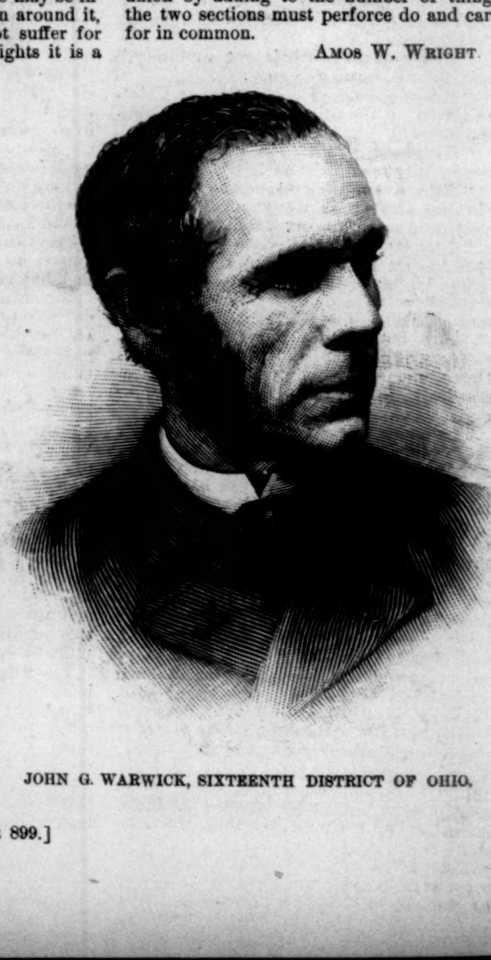
In regard to rapid transit there has been a marked and swift development within the last few years. Elevated railways radiate from the East River Bridge in various directions, and another line connects with the ferry at Broadway in the Eastern District. These cover a large extent of territory, and all have more or less reference to New York City Hall. Surface railways abound in large numbers. No city is better supplied in this respect. Of lines of steam railway from the outside, Brooklyn has but one—the Long Island road—whose trains run from the outer boundary of the city to its heart, crossing every intersecting street at grade in the old-time murderous manner. A change in the interests of human life is contemplated, and will probably be instituted before long. The tunnelling of the Narrows, in order to give the trunk lines from the West access to the Brooklyn warehouses by way of Staten Island, now connected with the main-land by Arthur Kill Bridge, is a project that has received some attention, and may yet assume a definite shape. Still more probable is the early building of more bridges to New York. At present passengers are crossing the existing structure at the rate of 40,000,000 a year, and the time must soon come when the energies now expended in devising means of straining its capacity to the utmost will be directed more wisely toward erecting a new one. The fact that the growing needs of the circulating system of the vast community gathered at the chief port of the nation will compel the supply of additional channels between its two great parts will exert a constantly increasing pressure for municipal union by adding to the number of things the two sections must perforce do and care for in common.

Amos W. Wright.



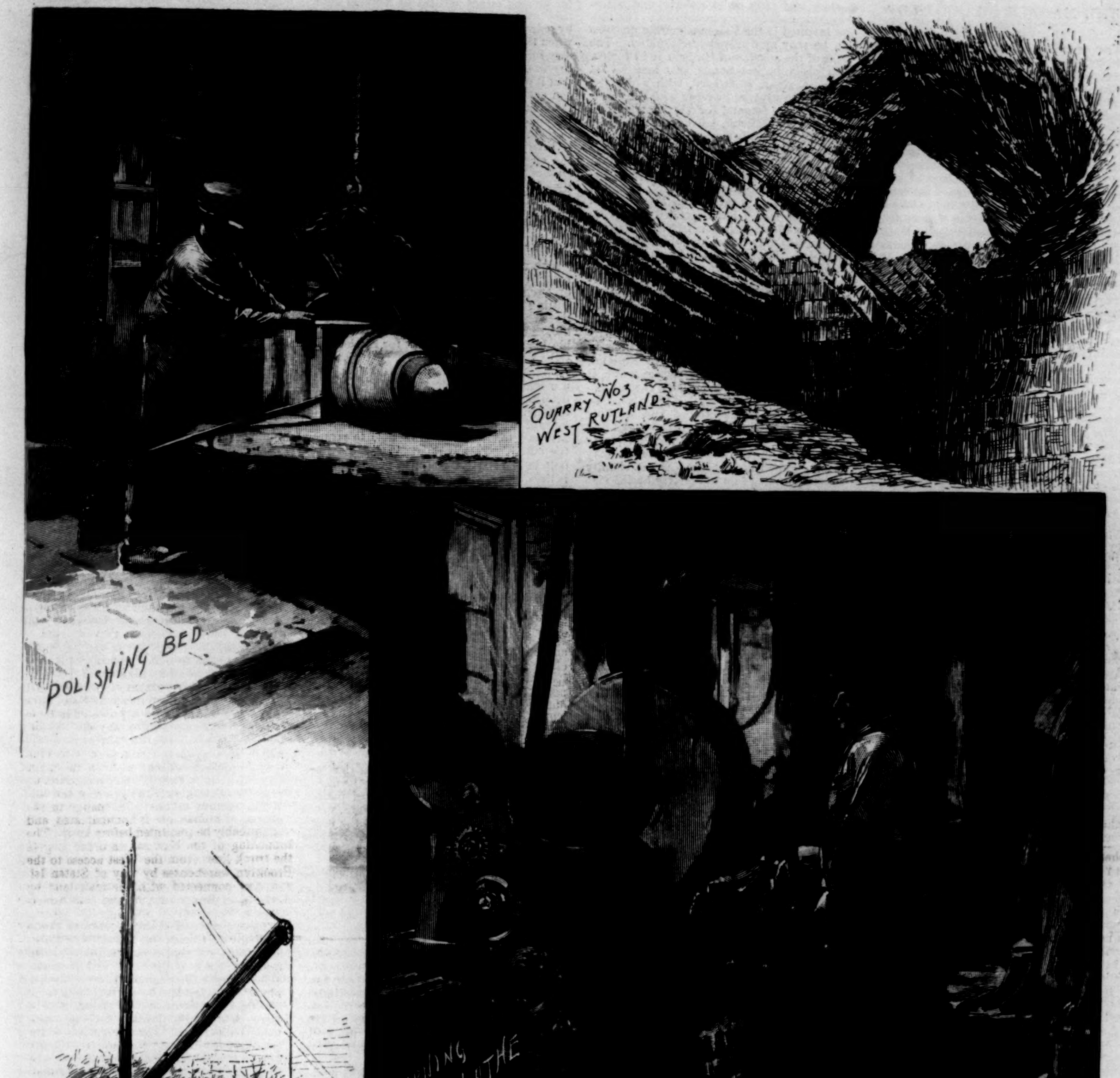
SHERMAN HOAR, FIFTH DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

GEORGE FREDERICK WILLIAMS, NINTH DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS.



JOHN G. WARWICK, SIXTEENTH DISTRICT OF OHIO.

A TRIO OF NEWLY ELECTED CONGRESSMEN.—[See Page 899.]



MARBLE QUARRIES AND MARBLE DRESSING IN VERMONT.—Drawn by Charles Mente.—[See Page 898.]

THE MARBLE QUARRIES OF VERMONT.

The quarries of New England have little gold in them, but the gnomes who dwell in the rock-ribbed hills of Vermont, Maine, and Massachusetts evidently possess the secret of wealth, for wherever the pickaxe strikes those quarries gold fills the coffers of those who develop the mines of marble and granite. Indeed the working of those quarries has become one of the most important and growing industries of the Eastern States, and is attracting a thrifty class of immigrants. This is especially true of the marble quarries of Vermont, which extend along the basin of Otter Creek. Marble of several varieties is found from Dorset to Burlington and beyond, and blue marble abounds east and west across the Green Mountains. But the veins of pure white fine-grained marble extend chiefly from Dorset to Middlebury. There is a water-shed in Dorset where two streams arise within a few feet of each other. The Battenkill chooses a southerly course, and enters the Hudson. The Otter Creek prefers a northerly direction, and meandering through a valley of surpassing loveliness, dominated by the imposing heights of Killington Peak, flows into Lake Champlain, and mingles its waters with the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The centre of this valley is also the centre of the marble region in the town of Rutland. Within a few years the township has been divided into Rutland, Rutland Centre, West Rutland, and Proctor. The latter was formerly Sutherland Falls, but six years ago was named after the president of the Vermont Marble Company, who is now also Secretary of War. Rutland, but for these changes, would be entitled to a population of over 18,000. As it is, it is a growing, thriving little city of nearly 10,000 inhabitants. One does not need to be long in the place to discover that in one respect at least it occupies a pre-eminence rare in this country, if indeed there is another example like it. Marble abounds there whichever way one turns. It is so plenty for even the humblest uses that one is reminded of the saying that in Solomon's reign silver was not accounted for, it was so abundant. The sidewalks are slabs of white marble, although at present asphaltum pavements are superseding the marble. The people assert that this is because the tread of feet wears hollows in the marble. But aside from the fact that the superior durability of asphaltum may be questioned, we are inclined to think that satiety in the use of such a luxury as marble is the real cause of the change. The curb-stones and hitching posts are invariably white marble. The merest shanty has underpinning of the same costly material, and the cemetery is protected by a long wall of hewn marble. The public halls, the libraries, the churches, are of marble, the stores and workshops at the quarries are of solid marble. What is called refuse marble, which is more or less defective either in shape or quality, but which elsewhere would have a distinct value, may be had at Rutland for little more than the cost of carting it away.

Rutland owes its importance to being the centre of the marble industry of Vermont, and still more because the quarries of the finest white marble yet discovered on this continent are found within its limits. Of marble there is no lack of abundance, but the question is as to quality. For statuary or monumental marble especially, the qualities required are purity of color, fineness of grain, hardness, susceptibility to a high polish, and durability against the attacks of the elements. The famous Carrara marble possesses several of these qualities in an eminent degree. But it is less white than the best Rutland marble, and is unable to resist the ravages of our climate.

At Dorset and many of the Vermont quarries the marble is taken out near the surface of the hill-side, and in this respect they resemble the Carrara quarries. But at West Rutland and Proctor the excavations are carried to a great depth, and the cost and labor are there increased. At Carrara over four hundred quarries are in actual working order at present, and the number of men employed reaches nearly six thousand. Of course many of those quarries are very small, and the number of laborers employed is increased by the still primitive methods followed in getting out and shaping the marble. It is still the custom there to loosen the masses of stone by blasting, and then to roll the blocks down the declivity to the place where it is either sculptured or chipped.

The number of marble quarries in the Otter Creek Valley is only about forty, while the men who find employment in them reaches about 4500, of whom nearly 2600 are engaged in the West Rutland and Proctor quarries alone. When we consider the fact that in the various processes of quarrying and finishing the Vermont marble steam-power and machinery are used to a degree not yet seen in foreign quarries, we gain some idea of the size and importance of the Otter Creek Valley quarries. Many of the employés at these quarries are foreigners, perhaps the larger proportion. There are some Irish among them, and French Canadians, and of course until recently many Italians were employed, especially in the finishing work. But of late there has been a disposition to employ Swedes, of whom a large colony is found at the quarries. They have their churches and pastors, and are a quiet, orderly, and industrious element in the community. The capital invested in the Vermont marble quarries can be only approximately estimated. The value of the quarries of Rutland and Proctor, with plant, improvements, etc., may be set down at about $5,000,000, with a decided tendency to advance in value with the steadily increasing demand for Vermont marble. It would be difficult, however, to estimate the value of the other quarries in that valley. These quarries have not only supplied our best statuary marble, but also a vast amount for building purposes in Philadelphia and Western cities. Strange to say, however, very little of this marble has been used in New York, which has depended chiefly on the Lee and Tuckahoe marbles, containing more or less manganese, and of inferior grain and color. But the New-Yorkers are at last beginning to open their eyes to the superlative quality of the better grades of the Vermont stone, and this fact alone is destined to have a very important bearing on the future of the Rutland quarries.

Among the important quarries of the region we are describing is the True Blue, in the northwestern corner of West Rutland. If the marble of this quarry were white, it would be of immense value, as it is not stratified, like most other marbles, but a mass deposit, fine and even grained, and working alike every way. This is probably the first Vermont marble ever used. The first quarry was opened in Vermont in 1785, and many of the original head-stones in that vicinity were taken out of an old quarry by the side of the present True Blue. The good preservation of these head-stones is adequate testimony to the quality of the marble in this quarry.

The Esperanza and Valido are also valuable blue marble quarries at West Rutland. The quarries at Brandon are specially noteworthy for a vein of the finest white marble found in the United States. But, strange to say, it is only three to five inches thick, and can only be used for small relievos. The Corona quarries at the same place yield white and blue, clouded and dark-veined marble. The quarries at Dorset have been of considerable importance, although their marble is of coarser grain than that of Rutland. For various reasons these quarries are not worked so generally as in former years, one cause being, perhaps, that the quarries are on a declivity, making the removal of the marble more expensive. One of the quarries is, however, worked by D. L. Kent & Co., associated with Mr. Freedly, of Philadelphia.

After granting the value of these and other quarries of the Otter Creek region, the fact remains that the great bulk of the valuable marble and profits of Vermont are found in the quarries owned by two great companies at West Rutland and Proctor, which employ about 2300 men. These companies are the Sheldon Marble Company and the Vermont Marble Company.

The quarries of the former company are entirely at West Rutland, and are numbered according to the order in which they were opened. While, as we have seen, marble, especially of the blue quality, was taken from that region as far back as 1785, or, as there is some reason to believe, at an earlier date, yet it was only in small fragments for head-stones, and without system. It was not until 1844 that the first regular company was formed, so far as known. It was composed of Messrs. Morgan & Sheldon, and the first regularly worked marble quarry of Vermont was opened in that year. Mr. Patrick Coffey was the first man who struck a pick into that quarry for that firm. He was born in County Roscommon, Ireland, in the year 1800, and is still living at West Rutland, his faculties active, his mind clear, and his appearance rosy and youthful as of a well-preserved man of sixty-five. In 1850 the firm was further enlarged with increased capital.

The quarries of the Sheldon Company are of the most imposing character. The veins at that point take a dip into the earth at an angle of upward of forty-five degrees, and in proportion as the marble is excavated, the great yawning cavern that is formed slopes down until lost in hyperborean gloom in the bowels of the earth. The vast overhanging roof, which looks as if it might fall in, is supported at important points by stupendous piers, formed in one or two cases by artificial masonry, but generally by leaving portions of the original stratum. Ticklish-looking bridges are thrown across the mouth of quarry No. 2, and as one looks over the slight railing, he looks down into an abyss 265 feet plumb to the first gallery, although he cannot discern the bottom in the Tartarean shades which conceal it. Below that point this quarry proceeds over fifty feet lower down under the floor of the adjoining quarry No. 1. Although the cutting machines are lowered and the blocks of marble are raised by tremendous derricks, yet the descent and ascent must be made by the workmen by means of rude ladders hanging to the walls of the quarries.

When the Sheldon quarries were first opened, blasting powder, the hand drill, and the pickaxe were the means for getting out the stone. But it is quite otherwise now. The Wardwell steam stone channelling and quarrying machines have not only greatly simplified the cutting of the marble, but also greatly reduced the waste of this costly material. The Wardwell machine is fitted with either one or two gangs of cutters. It travels on a movable steel railway track, and is fitted for cutting either vertical or inclined channels. With its aid quarries can be enlarged by carrying under the wall channels, or when the vein of marble is inclined, channels may follow the inclination as far as forty-five degrees. The machine is also so arranged that it can be either right or left handed, and can cut in every corner. The engine is attached to the standard which controls the direction of the cutters, and motion is conveyed to them by means of two levers, and a rubber is interposed between the levers, by which the engine is relieved of the shock of the cutters, which thus have some of the elasticity of the human hand when imparting a blow. The double gang machine is the one mostly used at these quarries. The frame which supports the boiler and machinery is a solid piece of forged iron weighing about a ton.

The marble-cutting machine can be easily managed by three men, and does the work of twenty-five men, and is also capable of cutting through flinty streaks or deep cuttings as would not be possible by manual labor. For producing block stone, that is, marble blocks of uniform size, for sawing into slabs, or for building purposes, the Wardwell cutter has made itself indispensable. Such a machine is able to cut a channel one foot deep and 140 to 150 long in ten hours. After channelling out a number of blocks in the floor of the quarry, the question is to get the first one out, in order to be able to remove the others. This is done by fixing a ring-bolt in the top surface of the centre one; it is then loosened by wedges, which tear it off from the bed-rock, when it is easily hoisted in the air.

The quarries are worked in winter, although perhaps with less result. One would suppose that when the excavations are carried far down below the surface there would be no frost encountered; but, notwithstanding, the walls of these quarries are draped with colossal icicles or frozen cataracts, which impart an extraordinary effect to the cavernous gloom. It is not so pleasant for the workmen, who have to climb the slippery ladders, and are not keenly interested in picturesque effects. What is curious is that the marble itself at those depths becomes frozen, and needs to be thawed before it can be taken out, otherwise it has the brittleness of glass. This is done by carrying pipes down, and drenching all the channels cut by the machine with steam until the frost is driven out.

The most important building of the Sheldon Marble Company is naturally the engine house, which, of course, is built of marble. It contains four large steam-engines, which furnish the motive power for all the heavy work done at the Sheldon quarries. Another very interesting place is the saw-mill, where the blocks of undressed marble are sawn into slabs, which form, one might almost say, the chief objects of shipment, for these slabs furnish squares for tessellated floors, mantles for fireplaces, head-stones, and many other objects of common use. The Sheldon works turn out an average of 500 slabs per diem. What they have accomplished in that line alone is shown by the fact that this company furnished the government with 250,000 head-stones for the national cemeteries, inscriptions included, the latter being cut with the sand-blast. But it would be a mistake to infer that the sand-blast is in general use at the Vermont quarries. The chisel and various acids are preferred for incising.

The saw used to cut the marble is merely a flat iron blade placed on its edge, and held by a sort of vice formed of wedges at each end, attached to a movable frame oscillating back and forth incessantly, night and day, at the bidding of the tireless steam-engine. Several of these saws fixed in one frame form a gang; a gang of fifteen to twenty saws cuts a block into slabs, according to the size of the block or the thickness of the slabs. The edge of the saw is perfectly straight, and the requisite friction for triturating the marble is obtained by keeping the top of the marble block drenched with sand and water. Formerly men were obliged to stand by each gang of saws, and pour on the sand and water with spades. But in recent years a contrivance, operated by steam, has been invented by which the sand is supplied by feeders from above. For the last two years the Sheldon Company has substituted for sand, in part of its saw-mill, a sort of iron sand, composed of very minute globules of chilled steel. It is claimed that the hardness of the iron results in a saving of 30 to 35 per centum of time. The process is curious, and one would like to know how this iron sand is made. For all the world it looks and feels like blotting sand. The Sheldon Company still use oxen to draw the marble into the mill; but at Proctor, horses are used. No less than sixty-two gangs of saws are running in the Sheldon mill. Another most interesting room is where the turning-lathes are used to shape the marble. The hard steel chisel seems to cut the stone as easily as if it were wood. It is a remarkable example of the power of steam machinery and steel. The chips of marble fly off as easily as if of wood, and the turner shapes the stone with but little effort. The rubbing bed is an adjunct of the two processes of sawing and cutting by lathe, and, like them, is operated by steam. It consists of an immense disk of iron continually revolving with great rapidity within a wooden box or frame. It is covered with a steady stream of sand and water. Over this disk the blocks of fine white or blue marble are suspended with so delicate an adjustment that they do not rest on the revolving disk, but just enough above it to allow the sand to pass under; or, in other words, a piece of paper might be passed between the block and the disk. As the marble is eaten away by the friction of the sand, the block that is being polished lowers itself until polished or cut away to the desired degree.

A very large proportion of the Sheldon Company's marble is shipped in its rough state to other markets to be finished as desired by the purchaser. This is due in part to the fact that its fine grain and dazzling snowy whiteness make its marble especially desirable for our sculptors, who are beginning to appreciate what a means is hereby afforded them for insuring immortality to the genius of American plastic art. But there is also a large finishing-room attached to the works of the company, where a large quantity of monumental work is constantly turned out, some to fill special orders, and some in the way of conventional decorative forms, such as mortuary urns, which are kept in stock. A number of thoroughly skilled artists are also engaged in executing statuary to commemorate those who repose in the beautiful cemeteries all over this great country. Before the white man landed on our shores the marble was already stored in the Vermont hills for the tombs and monuments of the teeming multitudes that are now swarming over this continent.

The output of the Sheldon Company averages at present 1,250,000 superficial feet per annum, exclusive, of course, of waste or inferior marble, and they ship about 15,000 tons by rail.

The quarries and works of the Vermont Marble Company are in Rutland Centre, West Rutland, and Proctor, the head-quarters of this very important concern being at the latter place. On arriving at Proctor one is impressed with the magnitude of the operations conducted there, and the admirable system everywhere apparent. The quarries themselves are less pictorially effective than those of West Rutland, because they are not so deep, while the marble is slightly inferior in grain and color to that of the Sheldon quarries, although of a very high quality; but the scale on which everything is done indicates prosperity. The object to attract my attention there, and suggest a mild amazement, is the cyclopean platform they are building for an extension of the marble saw-mill, which stands on the end of a low bluff. Great square blocks of white marble, four feet thick and upward, were being laid, one over the other, merely to support a saw-mill. When completed, the work will present a massive bulk, about a hundred feet long, twenty-five feet high, and forty to fifty feet wide, of marble. It mattered not that the marble used was said to be imperfect and unfit for the market. The great fact remained that the substructure was of solid marble—a foundation fit for a palace of the giants.

The quarry now chiefly worked at Proctor is ninety feet deep, but is entirely exposed, and, from its shape and regularity, looks much as if it were the cavity out of which a cube of stone three hundred feet square and ninety feet thick had been lifted bodily. No less than nineteen channel-cutting machines were at work on the floor of that quarry when I was there. The approach to it for a considerable distance was piled with great cubes of marble awaiting their turn to prove of public use. It was as if I were walking among the ruins of some demolished Baalbek.

The marble sawing-mill at Proctor is probably the largest establishment of the sort in America, and perhaps in the world. Seventy-eight gangs of saws are steadily at work day and night, representing some fourteen hundred saws grinding marble blocks into slabs. It is a tremendous spectacle, which is rendered yet more impressive by the picturesque figures moving in the dusky light, and the teams of four horses, each drawing great blocks of stone along the aisles of saws moving back and forth like shuttles.

At one end of the mill is a large turning-lathe, which was shaping monolithic columns twenty feet in length when completed, and twenty-one inches in diameter. The drum can be shaped by the steam-lathe as correctly as by hand, and in much less time, requiring only one man to stand by and watch the machine; but the fluting must be cut by chisel and mallet, as no contrivance has yet been discovered for executing that process in marble.

The Vermont Marble Company sends out a larger proportion of finished work than the Sheldon Company, and the finishing-rooms at Proctor are on an extensive scale, whole galleries being filled with what is called by the trade "monumental stock," consisting of head-stones, urns, cherubs, columns supporting drapery, steps, curb-stones for cemeteries, and the like. All of this work is highly finished, the marble taking a high polish, and some of it exhibits fine artistic taste. There is also a separate department for what is called building marble. The Vermont Marble Company, as well as the Sheldon Marble Company, also takes important contracts for the masonry of public buildings. Among other works it has constructed the terrace wall and grand stairways of the Capitol at Washington, the United States Court-House and Post-Office at Monticello, and a Roman Catholic church in Ninetieth Street, New York.

Besides the quarries and mills at Proctor,

the Vermont Marble Company also possesses important quarries and mills at West Rutland and Rutland Centre, which run forty-eight gangs of saws, although in regular communication with the head-quarters, where most of the finishing is done.

The annual output of this great company reaches an average of some 2,300,000 superficial feet, or about 35,000 tons annually.

A GRANDFATHER'S TRIBUTE TO HIS WIFE.

When, in the first fair flush of happy youth,
 I looked with loving eyes upon thy face,
It seemed to me I there could find, in truth,
 The perfect type of beauty and of grace.

And as the bells rang out their gladsome chime
 That day when we were wed, I did not dream
That ever, with the mellowing of time,
 Could that sweet face of thine more lovely seem.

Yet, as I see thee now—thy crown of white;
 The glory of thy motherhood; the lines
Upon thy brow and cheek, marks of time's flight;
 The many sweetnesses thy life combines—

Methinks that in my youth my judgment erred.
 Despite thy beauty, seeming so benign,
This heart of mine hath never been so stirred
 As by the loveliness that now is thine.

John Kendrick Bangs.

JOHN G. WARWICK.

Major McKinley, having devised the law which bears his name, and which made him famous throughout the world, now resigns his conspicuous position to Mr. John G. Warwick, a little-known man, about whom every observer of events will now wish to learn something. Mr. Warwick was born in Ireland in 1831, and came to this country a poor, friendless boy. At first he was only a humble clerk in a little dry-goods shop. It is scarcely necessary now to say that he was honest and industrious, and so enterprising that he speedily began trading on his own account. He throve in his business, and diversified his undertakings by becoming a mill owner, coal operator, and railway director. Now he possesses a fortune hardly and honestly won, and variously estimated at from $700,000 to $1,000,000. This is not entirely a private matter, for it is worth while knowing that he can legislate on economic subjects without being hampered in his private affairs. He began his public career as modestly and naturally as he started in business. He lived in Massillon, and became a member first of its Common Council, and afterward of its Board of Education. He was unsuccessful when he sought a wider political field, and was not even able to secure the nomination for Congress, which he sought in 1879. He was, however, an active and useful member of the Democratic State Central Committee, and when Governor Hoadley was elected in 1883, Mr. Warwick was chosen Lieutenant-Governor. His experience as a presiding officer has made him so good a parliamentarian that he will be no novice at Washington. Mr. Warwick was defeated for re-election with Governor Hoadley, and now he is sent to Congress from the garden district of Ohio. The famous Sixteenth, Ohio, contains no large cities, but abounds with thriving towns, and its voters are miners, artisans, and farmers. They will be well represented by one whom his associates describe as a "generous, high-minded gentleman."

TWO NEW CONGRESSMEN FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

In the vigorous and interesting struggle which has been made in Massachusetts against the Republican party's control of the State, no one has been more prominent than Mr. George Frederick Williams, who has been elected to Congress from the Ninth District. Mr. Williams's opponent was Mr. John W. Candler, who has served two, though not successive, terms in the House of Representatives. The contest was carried on by the Democratic candidate on the tariff question. In its circumscribed locality, it was as brilliant and dashing as that which Mr. Russell made for the Governorship.

Mr. George Frederick Williams was known during the Cleveland administration as the leading Mugwump of Massachusetts. Until 1884 he had been an independent Republican, but more particularly a civil service reformer.

In early life he was connected with newspapers, but for several years he has been a successful lawyer, practising in Boston, and living in Dedham. As an avocation, he has pursued politics, and he has been a prominent figure in the group of young men who have been at odds with the Republican politicians, without identifying themselves with the Democratic party until they became convinced that the organization in which they may be said to have been born, could not be induced to accept what they considered to be right.

Mr. Williams is now a Democrat. He was nominated for Congress against a leading Republican, who was supposed to be an entirely inoffensive partisan, but who made the serious blunder of boasting that he had been instrumental in securing the removal of a certain article from the free to the dutiable list. Mr. Williams discovered that Mr. Candler and his family were pecuniarily interested in the manufacture of the article in question. From that time the campaign became one of the liveliest that the district had ever known.

While Mr. Cleveland was President, Mr. Williams was his chief adviser as to the appointment of Federal officers in Massachusetts. Last winter he was a member of the State Legislature, and was instrumental in dragging into light the extraordinary prominence of the lobby at the State House. He is a very bold and intense combatant, and he forced an investigation upon a very unwilling Legislature. When he began his Congressional campaign he had against him the odds of 2000 majority, which Mr. Candler received two years ago. He carried the day by devoting himself to the advocacy of his cause. Mr. Williams is a young man, and is one of the best debaters in his State.

Sherman Hoar is one of the youngest of the young agitators of Massachusetts. He is the son of ex-Attorney-General E. Rockwood Hoar, and the nephew of Senator George F. Hoar. He was born in the Republican fold, and is the first of his name who has attained political honors from the Democratic party. Mr. Hoar, young as he is—and his extreme youth has inspired the satire of his venerable uncle—is one of the most eloquent and most persuasive stump-speakers in Massachusetts.

He has not yet reached his thirtieth year, and yet, being an Exeter school-boy, he is one of the Exeter trustees. He was graduated at Harvard College in the class of '82, and was even in his university days recognized as a debater of unusual ability. He was president of his class in his Sophomore year, and was the class-day orator.

Very soon after his graduation he began to take an interest in politics, and took his place alongside of William E. Russell, the Wheelrights, George Frederick Williams, Josiah Quincy, Charles R. Codman, John F. Andrew, William Everett, and others, who waged vigorous war in behalf of civil service reform, and later of the reduction of tariff duties.

His revenue reform speeches at once became a feature of Massachusetts political campaigns. They were simple, logical, and convincing. His father, who remained a protectionist, once said to him that he could not understand how a mere boy should appear to know so much more than he about the tariff, which he had been studying all his life.

"Why," answered the "mere boy," "I began where you left off."

And in this reply lies much of the secret of the political attitude of the present generation of young men of Massachusetts. When their elders stopped, they went on.

Sherman Hoar's campaign was noteworthy for his own activity and for the silence of his adversary, who is a machine politician of the lowest type. Mr. Hoar succeeds General Banks, who has probably made his last appearance in public life.

THE WISCONSIN ELECTION.

The gentleman who has just been elected Governor of Wisconsin has been known to fame, until very recently, chiefly as the author of *Peck's Bad Boy*, and the editor of a comic paper. His career has been a varied and exciting one. He was born fifty years ago on a farm in Wisconsin, and began his education at the district school. While still a boy he went into a printing-office in Whitewater, Wisconsin, and learned to set type. When the war broke out he was still a compositor. From the printing-office he went into the army, enlisting as a private in the Fourth Wisconsin Volunteers, and served throughout the war.

After the war was over, Mr. Peck came to New York, and worked for a while at his old trade. Then he went to Wisconsin again, and started a paper in La Crosse. Here he had a variety of experience, mostly discouraging, until, as they say out West, he "struck his gait," and began the series of comic articles that have gained for him a national reputation as a humorist of the farcical type. While a resident of La Crosse he was appointed Chief of Police, and served in that position for a time. In 1874 he was elected Clerk of the Assembly, and this was his only venture in politics until last spring.

La Crosse did not afford the editor a large enough basis for his operations, and he moved to Milwaukee and established *Peck's Sun*, which has been a great success pecuniarily. In April last Mr. Peck was chosen Mayor of Milwaukee on a "personal liberty" platform, and receiving the vote of most of the foreign-born element, obtained a majority of 6583 over his Republican opponent. This victory gave him a prestige as a candidate that led to his nomination for Governor on August 27th last.

The campaign just ended in Wisconsin is so remarkable in many ways that it deserves the consideration of thinking men in every State. The issue was not a personal one between the candidates, although doubtless Mr. Peck's personal popularity contributed somewhat to the size of his majority.

About a year ago the Republican Legislature passed a bill known, from the name of its introducer, as the "Bennett bill," which provided for the compulsory education of every child in the State in the English tongue. A large part of the population of Wisconsin is of foreign birth and foreign speech. Many are Germans and many Scandinavians and many Bohemians. In religious belief they are pretty evenly divided between the Roman Catholic and the Lutheran churches. They had been accustomed to have their children taught in their own native languages, and the Roman Catholics had been accustomed to send their children to the parochial schools. The new law interfered, they believed, with their personal liberty, and headed by the Roman Catholic priests and the Lutheran pastors, they began a vigorous warfare against it.

So fierce and so general was the onslaught on the Bennett law, that many Republicans advised a retreat; but Governor Hoard was a firm believer in the law, and his counsels finally prevailed. He was renominated, and the Republicans went into the canvass pledged to the maintenance of the law.

When the Democratic nominating Convention met, the issue was already made; all that remained was the selection of a candidate. Mr. Peck's principal opponents were "Uncle Gabe" Bouck, of Oshkosh, backed by General Bragg, and Colonel Knight, whose sponsor was ex-Postmaster-General Vilas. Mr. Peck's principal backer was General Gilbert M. Woodward, of La Crosse. It was alleged that each of these "backers" wished to be United States Senator, in case a Democratic Legislature should be chosen. The contest was a hot one, and it was not until after the sixth ballot that Mr. Peck was nominated.

The campaign has been the most exciting ever known in Wisconsin. The Republicans adopted the war-cry of "The Little Schoolhouse," and circulated pictures of the typical district school, and even had such pictures printed on flags and distributed. The Democrats accused the Republicans of Know-Nothingism, and appealed to all voters of foreign descent to stand up for their rights. In ordinary campaigns a large part—probably a majority—of the Germans and Scandinavians and Bohemians are on the Republican side, but this year their prejudices of race and religion proved to be stronger than their devotion to the Republican party. The Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor was a Bohemian, and the Roman Catholic priests and the Lutheran pastors used their utmost influence, in the pulpit and out, of it to solidify their flocks for the Democratic ticket, and against the compulsory education of their children in the English language. On election day many of them gathered their congregations together, supplied them with ballots, and marched them up to the polls in squads. It was an exciting election, and the result was a complete overthrow of the Republicans. The Bennett law will be repealed as soon as the Legislature meets. The children of foreign-born parents will be taught in foreign languages, and those of Roman Catholic parents will go to the parochial schools. Whether a bill will be passed to give the Roman Catholics a share of the public-school fund remains to be seen.

NEWLY ELECTED GOVERNORS.

The new Governor of Texas is of Scotch-Irish blood. His mother was a member of a Scotch family, and his father was of Irish extraction. The early members of the family settled in Virginia, and afterward spread through the Carolinas and Georgia. In 1839 the parents of Governor Hogg emigrated to Texas, and settled in Nacogdoches, and their son James was born on the 24th of March, 1851, at Rusk, Cherokee County. General Hogg is the first native Texan ever elected Governor of the State. His father enlisted in the Confederate army, and died at the head of his brigade at Corinth, Mississippi. His mother also died during the war.

The future Governor as a boy attended school at Rusk, and when still very young entered a printing-office, and began his newspaper career as printer's devil. In due time he became a compositor, and afterward an editor, first of the *Long View News*, and later of the *Quitman News*. While engaged in editorial work he took advantage of his spare moments to read law, and in 1874 he was admitted to the bar. After four years of practice he was elected County Attorney of Wood County. At the expiration of his term he was elected District-Attorney for the Seventh Judicial District, and held the position four years. Soon after admission to the bar, he was married to Miss Sallie Stinson, of Wood County. At the Democratic State Convention of 1886 he was nominated for Attorney-General. During his term there arose controversies between citizens of the State and the railways which called for the intervention of his office, and he gained great popularity by holding the railroads to a strict accountability. In 1888 he was renominated for Attorney-General by acclamation, having no competitors before the Convention. While he was in office the railways of the State had formed a "traffic association." General Hogg, as soon as possible, brought legal machinery to bear against this association, and filed a bill asking for an injunction to dissolve what he asserted was an unlawful combination in restriction of trade. In order to escape prosecution, the traffic association moved its general offices out of the State so as to get beyond the bounds of Texas jurisdiction. It was mainly on his record of Attorney-General that General Hogg was nominated for Governor. In the platform that was adopted by the nominating Convention, one section recommends an amendment to the State constitution, establishing a railroad commission to be intrusted with all the powers necessary to prevent abuses and discriminations, and to make, establish, and maintain reasonable rates of railway charges for transportation of passengers and freight within the limits of the State. Another section calls for the enactment of a law "that will still further prohibit the operations of land corporations," and demands that the policy of selling public lands to actual settlers only be strictly enforced. In personal appearance General Hogg is imposing. He measures six feet two inches in height, and weighs 285 pounds. His manners are winning, and his personal popularity is very great.

Henry H. Markham, the new Governor of California, was described in the California papers, after his nomination, as a tenderfoot, and the candidate of the one-lunged Republicans of the citrus belt. These epithets were applied in recognition, or perhaps in derision, of southern California and the great number of men who have settled there in recent years on account of their health. Colonel Markham was born in Wilmington in 1840. In 1862 he enlisted in the army, and served for three years. He was with Sherman on his march to the sea, and received a hip wound from a shell on the march through South Carolina. This wound has troubled him ever since, until he went to southern California. After the war Colonel Markham studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practised in Milwaukee for a number of years. His failing health finally compelled him to relinquish practice, and in 1878 the state of his health made a removal to a milder climate absolutely necessary, and he went to Pasadena, where he soon became interested in a number of business enterprises. He is now president of the Los Angeles Furniture Company, and a director of the Los Angeles National Bank, the San Gabriel Valley Bank, and the Oil Supply Company of southern California.

His principal opponent for the Republican nomination was Representative W. W. Morrow, who was said to have the support of the national administration. Colonel Markham had a solid delegation from southern California, and on the second ballot there was a stampede which resulted in his nomination. The platform upon which he was nominated endorses, as a matter of course, the Republican platform of 1888; but its framers were evidently more concerned with local than with national issues. It favors legislation leading to arbitration in controversies relating to wages and the hours of labor. It asks that the restriction on Chinese immigration be made perpetual. It favors large national appropriations for California harbors. It calls for the enactment of stringent laws against pools and trusts. It endorses the present silver law "in the interest of the agricultural and other industries of the country," and it approves the legislation already enacted for the reclamation and irrigation of arid lands. Colonel Markham is a man of weight, physically, being over six feet in height, and tipping the beam at more than 200 pounds. His administration is pledged to favor legislation in the interests of laboring men, to use its influence against trusts and corporations, and to exercise the greatest economy in the expenditure of the State revenues.

The new Governor of Colorado is an old Republican "war-horse," and has been prominent in the politics of the Centennial State for the past fifteen years. John L. Routt was born in Caldwell County, Kentucky, in 1826. While he was still a small boy the family removed to Illinois, and settled at Bloomington. There young Routt attended the district school, and grew to manhood. He served a term as Sheriff of McLean County before the war. When the national cause was at its darkest, in 1862, and most needed men, he enlisted in the army, and was made Captain of Company E, Ninety-fourth Illinois Volunteers. He served throughout the war with bravery and distinction. After the surrender of Lee, in 1865, he went back to Bloomington, and engaged in business. Veterans were at a premium then, and his service as Sheriff was remembered, so he was soon elected County Treasurer, and performed the duties of that office to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Soon after Grant's first election to the Presidency, Captain Routt was appointed United States Marshal for the Southern District of Illinois, and he remained in that office until 1871, when the President appointed him to the office of Second Assistant Postmaster-General.

In all these places he retained the favor and friendship of President Grant, and in 1875 he was made Governor of Colorado Territory. In 1876 Colorado was admitted as a State, and at the first State election the Ter-